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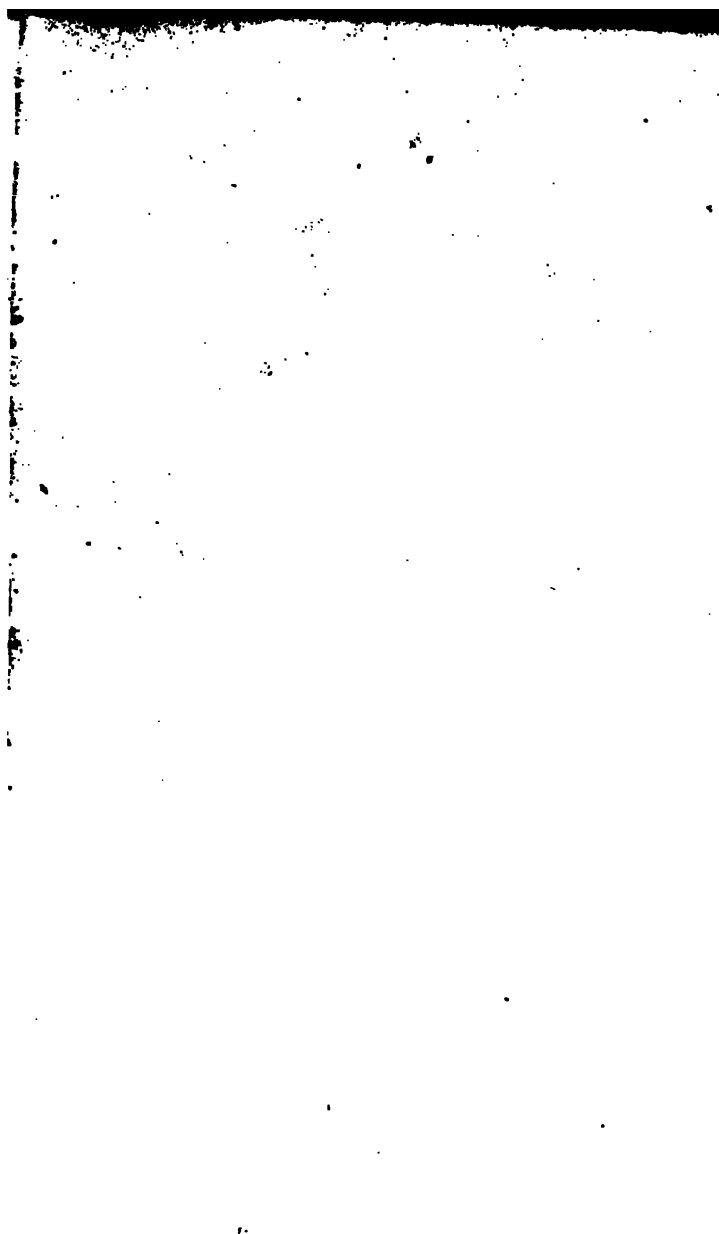
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The Rev. Thomas Blyth
Nov 1833

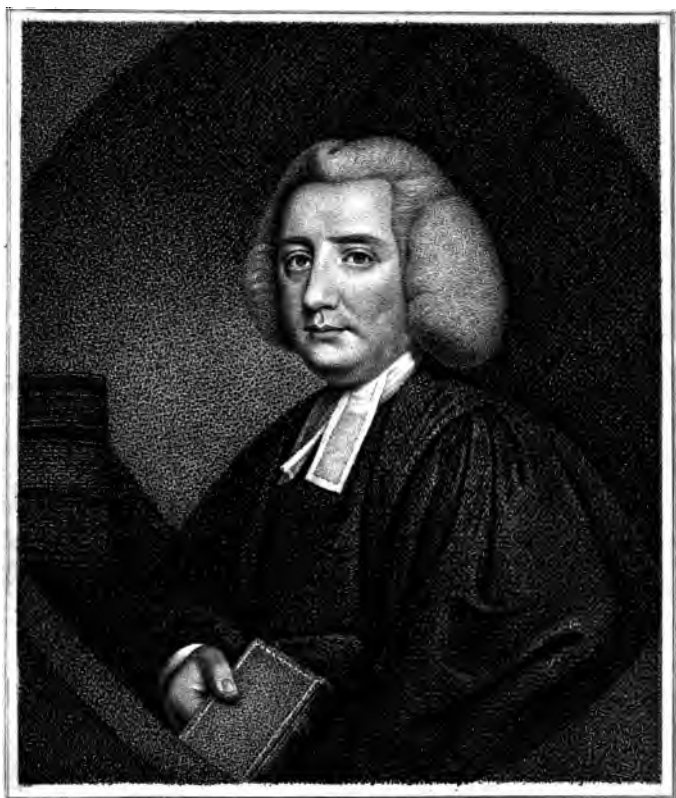
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Rev.^d. John Blyth. M. A.
Ἰδὲ ἀληθῶς Χριστιανὸς

MORNING AND EVENING

PRAYERS,

FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK,

COMPOSED IN LATIN

BY JOHN GRAILE, M.A.

Late Archdeacon of Norwich.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY JOHN BLYTH, M.A.

Late Vicar of Coleshill, in the County of Warwick.

HEREFORD :

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P R E F A C E .

HAVING with abundant delight, and, I trust, no little benefit perused and re-perused these pious effusions of ARCHDEACON GRAILE, originally written in Latin, but turned into English, and versified by my most amiable and excellent Father, and being decided by the judgment of persons, whose opinion concurred with my own, I determined to cause a few copies of them to be printed, in order to give to friends, whose congenial minds would approve, and be pleased with, these purely devout and scriptural addresses. It will be, however, my earnest request to every friend, to whom I may present a copy, not to expose it to public view, but to those only who possess a taste for such grateful expressions of rational devotion, and such humble but earnest aspirations after spiritual and moral perfection.—To me they are inestimable, as calling to mind a most beloved and worthy Parent, who through a long life possessed the esteem and love of All who knew him, both old and young:—One, in whom the Christian Graces shone pre-eminently:—one, of whom it may be most truly said (and I say it with solemn consideration) that he “set God always before him.”—His modest and unassuming manners, his philanthropy, his charity, his social and moral conduct kept pace with his devotion. As a Friend and Instructor of Youth, Husband and Father, his superior was hardly to be found. An aged Mother and two Sisters he supported liberally, while in contracted circumstances, thereby exemplifying the duty of a Son and a Brother. Bless ~~as I was~~

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with so excellent a Father, I most cordially loved and venerated him for forty years ; the period of my enjoying his paternal affection, and witnessing his correct and amiable manners.— Nor is it my own sentiment alone, but that of many of his intimate friends also, that NELSON's character of his predecessor in the Vicarage of COLESHILL, the Rev. JOHN KETTLEWELL, may be justly applied to *him*:—"He was learned without pride ; wise and judicious without cunning ; he served at the Altar without covetousness or ambition ; he was devout without affectation ; sincerely religious without moroseness ; courteous and affable without flattery or mean compliance ; just without rigour ; charitable without vanity ; and heartily zealous for the interests of Religion without enthusiasm." His personal qualities were exactly those delineated by POPE in his epitaph on GAY :—

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
"In wit a MAN, simplicity a CHILD."

Moribus ornatus placidis et corde benigno,
VIR fuit ingenio, simplicitate PUER.

The following little work was composed by him after he was seventy-five years of age. He took much delight in the pious pastime, and at the close of his long life it was a great solace and amusement to him to hear some of the Versified Prayers read to him every evening before he retired to rest.

Should these pious effusions excite in any degree that delight and satisfaction which I have derived from them, and prove subservient to the increase of RATIONAL and PURE DEVOTION I shall find an ample reward.

THOMAS BLYTH, M.A. F.A.S.

Knowle Lodge,

Warwickshire.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS.

MONDAY.

MORNING.

I.

O God Almighty merciful and kind,
What honour worthy Thee can be assign'd?
Thou Rock of Ages, and our mighty Tower,
Nothing there is to equal thy great power;
Whose throne's in Heaven, and whose wide command
Extends o'er all, skies, seas, and every land :
What Love worth thy acceptance can be shewn
By those, whose piety thy Mercy own,
And that Benevolence which never ends,
But to their sons and future race extends!

Who can 'fore Thee himself too low abase,
Or upon Thee too strong affiance place?
For, when thy servants strong afflictions press,
Thou fly'st with speed to free them from distress;
Ready to pardon, and to anger slow,
From Thee the streams of mercy ever flow.
To Thee with all the gratitude of heart,
I now with bended knees my thanks impart;
And from the sense which all thy mercies raise,
My Soul breaks out in tender love and praise.
Thy dealings with me have been gentler far,
Than my deservings can in conscience bear;
For surely Thou no punishments hast brought,
Equal to those offences I have wrought;
But I perceive thy mercy ever bent
To pardon all my sins, when I repent:
And taking on Thyself the Leech's part, [heart;
Thou prob'st those wounds which lie too near the
And clearing off the film brought on by sin,
Apply'st a cure to all the vice within.
As Heav'n the Earth in length and breadth exceeds,
So does thy loving-kindness our misdeeds,
And all the crying sins of those efface,
Who, by repentance drawn, thy laws embrace.
Far as the east and west asunder lay
So far from us Thou driv'st our sins away.
With that strong love which tender fathers shew
Towards their children when immers'd in woe,

Thy kind affection holds those servants dear
Who humbly walk, and thy great name revere.
Thou of all fathers sure art far the best ;
Towards thy sons with that sweet love posscest,
That bounteous hand—that proneness to forgive,
Such as my narrow thoughts cannot conceive.
So that, altho' my conscience may upbraid
My heart of guilt and make me sore afraid ;
Yet, in full trust of thy sweet love I go,
And at thy mercy-seat myself will throw :
There before Thee my heinous guilt confess,
Which caus'd thy anger, and my sad distress.
I own, since first I breath'd this vital air,
Of sin's infectious taint I've borne my share ;
And thro' my life unhappily have found
That I have added much to nature's wound.
No day that passes, not a single hour,
But of its sad effects I feel the power :
Fool that I am, and heedless of my ways,
Thy laws I break and vainly spend my days ;
So that of Thee unmindful I remain'd,
Nor of my duty any thoughts retain'd :
But so far distant thy neglect of me
That my remembrance seems to live with Thee ;
For thy protecting hand throughout the day
Guards me from danger and secures my way ;
And watching round my bed throughout the night,
Brings me in safety to the morning light :

Root out, I pray Thee, from my troubled breast
Those vile affections that disturb my rest,
That vain unruly tribe, which knows no bound,
With which no certain mean is ever found.
And since it pleas'd thy goodness to impart
The noble gift of reason to my heart ;
Whereby the rules of order I discern,
What's well or ill in words and actions learn,
And what in all things decency requires
From reason's sons, whom love of knowledge fires ;
Grant me to watch my life with pious care,
That I may keep a conscience pure and clear
From every lustful thought, immodest deed,
From filthy talk, and lies which mischief breed :
So that my mind, my tongue, my life may reach
What reason, virtue and religion teach :
That I may covet nought but what is good,
And nothing fear but sin's infernal brood ;
Might I from that my life in safety steer
All human ills I would with patience bear :
Grant, mighty God, that all my confidence
In Thee may be repos'd, and thy defence ;
That all my happiness in Thee be found
Whose gracious mercies thro' the world abound.
May I do nothing from the dread of pain,
The lust of pleasure and the lust of gain,
That against Thee my soul should e'er rebel,
And join the faithless crew, those imps of Hell.

Since to thy service I am firmly bound,
This just request be with thy favour crown'd :
Give me to know and understand thy will,
And all the precepts of thy law fulfil,
Which to the world thy mercy hath reveal'd ;
And nothing needful to our bliss conceal'd.
May I with awe, thy great behests obey,
And at thy throne my constant homage pay :
So just a conduct towards all maintain,
As no man living may with cause complain ;
That whate'er treatment he receiv'd from me,
With right and justice did not well agree !
But me or mine should he unjustly use,
Teach me this best revenge for such abuse—
That I to *him* a different man may prove,
Who treated me with so much want of love.
I pray Thee, Heavenly Father, last of all,
Not that no ill may ever me befall ;
But whatsoever be my lot to share,
I may the same without impatience bear ;
That present evils may not weigh me down,
Nor those to come affect me with their frown :
Collecting thus what chanc'd against my will
Cannot in truth be call'd a real ill,
But what I bear with thy assisting grace,
In *that* my happiness I'll truly place.
If not from every danger of the day,
At least from sin my soul preserve, I pray :

From sin, the greatest danger which attends
Our every day, to gain its fatal ends.
Be present, then, with thy propitious aid,
Confirm and strengthen and my mind persuade ;
That when the labours of this life are done,
I may be plac'd, thro' thy dear blessed Son,
Where only happiness sincere is known !

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EVENING.

III.

O God on high, Lord of all power and might,
Eternal source of beauty and of light ;
At thy all-glorious name Heav'ns portals shake,
The sun's eclips'd and seems with dread to quake ;
Thy Sovereign nod the starry frame obeys
Pursuing still the tenor of their ways ;
And by a Providence, in vain we trace,
The Universe is steer'd, and kept in place.
O Sovereign Lord, while I contemplate Thee,
Encircled with such blaze of majesty ;
And, then myself, to crawling worms akin,
In form a man, and yet a wretch within :
Thee, whose extensive pow'r no limit knows ;
For nothing can thy sacred will oppose ;
Me, me, who never on my will depend,
Nor certain means employ to gain the end ;
Thee, in whom purity for aye abides,
And in its beauty holiness resides ;
Me, spotted over with pollution's stain,
And basely dragging sin's ignoble chain ;
Thee, firm of purpose and of constant mind
Never to turning or to change inclin'd ;
Me, frail and fickle, and deprav'd in heart,
All-prone to change, and act a double part ;

Thee, the Great Being, who can never die,
But liv'st, immortal, thro' Eternity;
Me, a poor mortal, subject to decay,
In hourly danger to be snatch'd away;
When all these things I ponder in my breast,
My soul abash'd, with pious awe impress'd,
Must needs acknowledge that unbounded space,
Which parts thy Godhead from the human race;
And from a sense of thy most perfect state,
So far above what *we* call good and great,
Must of *myself* most humble thoughts conceive,
Nor for my sins with too much sorrow grieve.

No sooner, I confess, did life begin,
Than 'twas apparent I was born in sin:
For I with vice so strongly was possess'd,
Methought I suck'd it from my mother's breast.
Tho' in a body Thou hast plac'd a mind
To death not subject, and of Heavenly kind;
With reason's Godlike faculty endow'd;
Freedom of will to this and that allow'd;
Like those celestial essences above,
Who round the Heavenly Throne in order move
Pure incorporeal minds, whose eyes intent
Upon the Godhead are devoutly bent;
And in his sight, for ever they enjoy
Such rapturous pleasures as can never cloy;
Yet, have I, wretched man, consum'd my days
In sensual pleasures and forbidden ways;

And kept my soul in bondage as a slave ;
That precious part, which will survive the grave :
In search of honours, and in quest of power,
In heaping riches to augment my store,
In gathering glittering toys, and what beside
Might serve to flatter worldly pomp and pride ;
These to procure my sole supreme delight,
I put no bridle to my appetite.
But penury's chill hand, and vile disgrace
To live obscurely with the mean and base,
Rous'd all my fears, then fill'd my heart with dread,
And o'er my thoughts a gloomy horror spread.
Hence I became unquiet in my mind,
Us'd various arts, but no relief could find ;
At length, when all my efforts fruitless prov'd,
Fatigued I yielded, and no longer rov'd.
Henceforth, most gracious God, thy succour lend
And from these snares my life and soul defend ;
Let not this world again engross my love,
But from my heart all sensual thoughts remove ;
For Christ's dear sake, who with contempt survey'd
All those mean pleasures which the world display'd.

I V.

Almighty God, thy goodness did create,
And fit my nature for a happy state ;
And hath impress'd most strongly on my mind
An eager wish *that* happiness to find :
But to what purpose, should I act amiss,
And my affections place on any bliss,
Which Thou, for reasons good could'st not befriend,
Nor with the blessing of thy love attend ;
Should *that* be wanting, needless all my care .
To bring my plan of happiness to bear :
Let once thy blessing shew it's sparkling ray,
Thro' all impediments it finds a way ;
That by it's influence we quickly see,
How happiness with us may well agree .
From me this wicked charge shall never flow
That my unhappiness to Thee I owe,
Since I can bring it home upon myself—
My lust, my pride, my dotage upon self.
But thy blest Spirit to my prayers impart
That He may take possession of my heart :
Retrieve me from myself, and strength supply
Boldly to fight, and gain the victory
Over those passions which my life annoy ;
And my bad habits at the root destroy,
Which, though I fondly now presume to treat,
With thy displeasure they will surely meet .

Teach me that steady course of life to tread
To which by thy revealed law we're led ;
That thy commandments I may fully weigh,
And to them all a due obedience pay.
Oh, thro' those paths be Thou my daily guide,
Since therein lies my pleasure and my pride !
But if thro' frailty I should e'er begin
The road to enter, which inclines to sin ;
Do Thou in mercy turn me back in time,
Before my soul be stain'd with any crime ;
That all things I may do with fresh delight,
Which Thou declar'st are pleasing in thy sight.
Withhold my eyes, that they no longer feed
On objects vain, which into bondage lead :
Free me from such, and thy assistance lend
That in true goodness I a life may spend :
And what thy servants from thy words may claim,
May'st Thou to me in deeds confirm the same ;
O may my heart and soul intensely love
Thee, best of fathers, mighty Lord above !
And let benevolence possess my mind
With such affection towards human kind,
That no one thought may take me by surprise
Or suffer evil in my breast to rise ;
Such as my guilt will surely much increase,
An evil wish to break my neighbour's peace :
But in whatever I design to do,
My neighbour's good be ever in my view.

A mind so narrow may I ne'er possess
That thirst of gain should urge me to transgress :
If I with riches cannot feed my eyes,
Learn me the art such trifles to despise :
Should wealth and riches be at my command,
Oh, may I deal them with a liberal hand !
Such wealth alone to me, kind father, grant,
Which to preserve my life I needs must want.
That health of body, and that temperate state,
Which with more vigour may my mind elate ;
So much of honour and of worldly fame .
As may support a truly virtuous name ;
That comely form, those features in the face
Which serve the beauty of the mind to trace ;
That strength and vigour, to enlarge my powers
For great exertions in my pious hours,
That in the virtuous course I may not feel
My nature fail, or lose its wonted zeal.
If ever sin with her alluring bait
Should chance to draw me near destruction's gate,
Let no vain hope induce me to believe,
That I may hide it, and can Thee deceive.
But with these sentiments be rul'd my heart,
Never to act the mean and sordid part ;
Nothing commit dishonest or unjust ;
Nor yield myself to any filthy lust ;
Nor let my passions have their full controul,
Tho' from the world I could conceal the whole.

Neither may bribes nor favour lead astray,
And turn me from the good and upright way;
Nor guile nor perils over me prevail,
To shake my virtue or my faith assail;
But may I so my actions always square,
As one, who soon before Thee must appear;
And, Oh, Almighty Judge, so holy live,
As who to Thee a strict account must give!
And be in this employ'd my every hour,
To do what good may lie within my power;
But should not *that* be granted to my will,
May I be never charg'd with doing ill:
And, since this world no dwelling place I find
But as a lodging for a while assign'd;
And must depart from life's wayfaring road
As from an Inn, and not my fix'd abode;
Oh may I ever mindful be of death,
Whose hidden dangers threat my vital breath:
And as the number of my days is small,
(It cannot be far distant from us all!)
May I look forward to that glorious state
Which after death will pious souls await;
Conceiving thoughts worthy a heavenly mind,
To future more than present things inclin'd;
Preferring certain to uncertain things;
Such as endure, to those which make them wings;
That crown of glory in the realms above,
The precious purchase of our Saviour's love.

For whose dear sake, accept our joint request,
Which, to procure thy *love*, He knew the best :

Father of All, who dost in Heaven preside,
Thy name be honour'd, worshipp'd, sanctified :
Thy kingdom come, of glory and of grace :
May, as in Heaven, thy will on Earth take place :
Give us what food we need from day to day :
Thy mercy in forgiving us display ;
As Thou perceiv'st our proneness to forgive
Those, from whom injuries we oft receive.
Let no temptation over us prevail,
Nor to deliver us from evil fail :
For all dominion unto Thee pertains,
In Thee, for ever, glorious power remains. Amen.

TUESDAY.

MORNING.

V.

O God, the Father of all things that be ;
Whose word in Heaven and Earth is thy decree :
Who, by a word a thousand worlds can'st frame,
And with the slightest breath destroy the same ;
With whom the nations are of no account,
But as a drop of water from the fount ;
Or, as the dust the balance that defiles :
Who, as an atom taketh up the Isles—
O Power Divine, beyond conception great,
Struck with an awe of thy exalted state,
Thy suppliant I come, and bow my knee,
Wrapt in the splendour of thy majesty.

They, who thy works observe with curious eye,
Must needs admire the beauties they descry;
And, seiz'd with wonder at the glorious sight,
In honouring Thee express their full delight:
And, as they all are rang'd by wisdom's hand,
Justice is ever seen to keep her stand.
For tho' not one rebellious dare attempt
To stop the wheels of thy great government;
Or to exact of Thee the reasons why
These things are done, while those neglected lie;
Yet *that*, and *that* alone, with Thee prevails,
Which best will weigh in justice' even scales.
Thy laws are faithful and demand respect;
They to the unerring rule our steps direct,
And sure, and fix'd on that eternal base,
Which neither force nor malice can displace:
Tho' duty bade that I should first implore,
So great a being, and thy name adore;
And all thy precepts in my bosom weigh,
So as to keep them, and thy word obey;
Yet, my ingratitude could Thee forego,
And the great duty which to Thee I owe;
And, adding to my sins from day to day,
For thy just anger I've prepar'd the way.
My soul's unhappy state, deriv'd from sin;
The evil, which my nature feels within;
An erring judgment, passions base and rude;
A treacherous memory as to what is good;

My conscience weak and apt to be misled,
And all my faculties with vice o'erspread ;
These, with a soul all humbled, I confess ;
And these my heart affect with sore distress.
Thou, the great gift of reason did'st impart,
That I might rule the passions of my heart :
But when fair forms, unlawful to pursue,
Themselves have offer'd sudden to my view ;
Their charms so strongly on my fancy press'd,
That sense and reason were in vain address'd :
No way was open'd to their kindly aid,
For one to judge, the other to persuade.
And now my will, since all restraints were gone,
To gain her end rush'd furiously on ;
And flew with ardour to the vile embrace
Of what was sure to load her with disgrace ;
Or sought in haste such objects to remove,
Which should in justice have engag'd her love.
Ev'n tho' my mind seem'd sometimes fully bent
On what I knew would yield me most content ;
Yet, I pursued not what was good and true,
But in the arms of vice myself I threw.
Many and grievous are my sins, I own,
But to a greater height they sure had grown,
Had not thy Grace restrain'd my vicious course,
And kept my nature from becoming worse :
So that to Thee and to thy Grace I owe
That I am not the vilest wretch below ;


That Thou would'st not permit my hasty step
Into the grasp of every vice to leap ;
And all the filth of every shameful act
Within my lustful bosom to contract.
Ev'n all thy noblest gifts have I disgrac'd,
And to my shame, with foulest stains defac'd :
For I not only have myself abus'd
By vicious courses, but have often us'd
The basest methods to draw others in,
More hurtful by example than by sin.
Hence, I confess, and what I needs must rue,
The curse of Heaven to be my legal due ;
That I deserve eternal pains to come,
And that in justice Thou might'st seal my doom :
But, since our Blessed Lord, thine only Son,
The hazard of this dismal curse hath run,
And on the cross a shameful death endur'd,
That we from all the curse might be secur'd ;
Which for the sins, that wrought our foul disgrace,
Threat'ned destruction to the human race ;
Since Christ, that Lamb of God, from sin exempt,
Bore in our nature every foul contempt ;
And in his death was as a victim slain,
Thee to conciliate to our race again :
That by his precious blood He might atone
For our curs'd sins so hateful to thy throne ;
Henceforth thy heavy wrath no more I dread,
For the full price of our redemption's paid ;

And by th' oblation of thy only Son,
Thy justice is appeas'd, thy anger flown.

And now with confidence, I urge my prayer,
That Thou, in mercy, would'st thy servant spare ;
And all my sins, which I detest, forgive,
For His dear sake, who died for our reprieve.
Send thy good Spirit also to my aid,
That with his grace He may my soul persuade
With all her might thy precepts to fulfil,
And readily obey thy holy will ;
That at thy hands she may acceptance find,
Thro' His great merits who redeem'd mankind.

VI.

O GLORIOUS GOD, from whom alone proceed
All holy thoughts and every virtuous deed ;
Let not my passions o'er my judgment sway,
So as to stop my reason's full display :
But rather grant, they may my mind excite
To worthy actions, reason's true delight.
Make me a man from flattering pleasures clear ;
One, who can pain and sorrows firmly bear,
Free from the stain and spots of filthy lust,
One, who can malice treat with true disgust ;
Of justice tinctur'd with the deepest sense ;
Ever resign'd to thy wise providence ;
A strenuous champion in the noblest fight,
That no foul lust may put my soul to flight.
Grant, that my thoughts be innocent and pure,
Such as may well the strictest test endure :
Sincere and mild, embracing all mankind ;
Worthy of one, for social life design'd ;
Worthy that Christian, whom his Blessed Lord
Hath taught most fully in his holy word.
From lust and avarice may my mind be free,
From wild ambition and from vanity,
From envy, dark suspicion and the rest,
Which should they once intrude into my breast,
The very mention of their odious name
Would be enough to fill my cheeks with shame.



May I revere the conscience of my heart
Which thy great kindness did to me impart ;
This from my nature nothing can remove ;
Oh ! that it might my plan of life approve :
For should this curious searcher of my ways
Bear witness to my course of well spent days,
I shall a truly honest life enjoy,
Which neither fears nor cares can e'er annoy.
But, on those things which boast an outward show,
May I be taught a just contempt to throw ;
That I from hence be well assur'd in mind,
How much my will should be to good inclin'd ;
That I am bound in duty to pursue
What things are honest, just, and strictly true ;
That nothing should my admiration raise,
But what was virtuous, what was worthy praise :
That, with indifference I should turn my eyes
To those vain objects, which the vulgar prize ;
Or such gay nothings banish from my sight
And treat as they deserve, with vile despite :
But, with those things which most embitter life,
May I so bear me in the noble strife,
That I do not from nature's course deflect,
Nor from the wise man's great and true respect.
Yet, since with perfect men we live not here,
But such, as passing characters appear,
If we in them can virtue's semblance trace,
Grant such a portion of thy heavenly grace.

As may impress upon my narrow mind
So strong a charity for all mankind,
That I may no one treat with scornful slight,
In whom are seen some sparks of virtue's light :
But, be to him my love most ardent found,
In whom the christian graces most abound.

Grant me not only to be always just,
As a good shepherd in my weighty trust ;
But to persuade my neighbours, what I can,
My steps to follow, and adopt my plan :
If that succeed not, and they stubborn prove
To this strong instance of my fervent love ;
May I, tho' single, yet maintain my ground,
And faithful be among the faithless found.
Should any one my plan prevent by force,
To gentle methods let me have recourse :
And this impediment may pave a way
For me another virtue to display ;
And *that*, mild patience, which will all things bear,
Observing which I save a world of care.
This only thing, O Lord, I most affect,
That all my appetites be ever check'd
By reason, and religion's holy sway,
Which they are bound in duty to obey.
And, may I think enough on me bestow'd,
If to adore Thee be to me allow'd ;
To whate'er state Thou shalt thy servant call,
In whate'er place my lot in life shall fall.

And may the purpose of my destin'd birth
Be duly answer'd by my life on Earth;
O God, incline and draw my stubborn heart
To practise piety in every part :
And if some good in me Thou hast begun,
Thy aid withdraw not 'till the work be done :
But let Thy Grace my efforts still attend
And grant me perseverance to the end.
But of what blessings I may stand possess'd,
Whether to me in common with the rest,
Or, if myself to them preferr'd I find
As well in gifts of body as of mind ;
I owe them all to thy most bounteous hand,
And they my thanks for ever will demand.
Thee, Lord, I reverence, and Thee declare
The sole dispenser of my happy fare,
And only source from whom those comforts flow,
Which make me taste the bliss I share below.
But, if to me some good from men accru'd,
Them as thy instruments alone I view'd :
Yet would I not in silence pass them by,
And shew no sense of their humanity ;
But, as to them my conscience stands inclin'd
Their kindness to repay, and ease my mind,
I pray Thee, shower thy constant blessings down,
On those, whose love with grateful heart I own.
And now, as in the night so lately past,
While gentle sleep had lock'd my senses fast,

Thou kept'st me safe under thy guardian wing
Till I perceiv'd the morning light to spring;
So with thy watchful care, O Lord, I pray,
Guide me not only thro' the present day,
But while I live, be Thou my strong defence
'Till 'tis thy pleasure to remove me hence;
That I the space of life by Thee assign'd,
May pass in happiness and peace of mind,
Thro' Jesus Christ, who sits enthron'd on high,
At thy right hand, in radiant majesty.

EVENING.

VII.

O GOD, who dost with mighty power sustain
All things in Heav'n, in Earth, and in the Main ;
And them with boundless wisdom dost controul,
And in all love and goodness rule the whole ;
Who in their courses dost the stars arrange,
And make the seasons keep their proper change ;
And things by turns each other to succeed
As Thou, the God of order, hast decreed ;
Who, looking always with indulgent eye
On Earth, and Seas, from thy etherial sky,
Not only seekst our general good below,
But ev'n on things minute thy care bestow :
Of Thee some knowledge I by nature find,
Some seed of goodness planted in my mind :
But, in the Universe, thy hands have made,
Thou hast thy Deity at full display'd ;
And every day the glorious scene's renew'd,
And shews itself so obvious to be view'd,
That my eyes cannot open to the light,
But I must needs enjoy thy heavenly sight.
The various blessings which my time employ,
The cheerful light which fills my heart with joy,
The breath I draw, are gifts I clearly see
And own with gratitude, receiv'd from Thee.

Whatever good my happy lot betides—
To Thee I owe it, and to none besides;
And to thy service I devote it all,
As I would fain obey great duty's call.
Hence am I bound this grateful sense to show,
Of all those gifts that from thy bounty flow;
After thy holy law my life to square,
To all thy precepts yield a willing ear,
To follow Thee, with Thee sweet converse hold,
And in thy praise my thankful heart unfold—
No fancied merit in myself display,
But all the glory unto Thee convey.
Yet in those thousand instances I find
In Heaven, and Earth, and in my conscious mind,
Which thy consummate wisdom do declare
And to thy endless bounty witness bear;
I, senseless wretch, who should with transport raise,
And ardent love, my heavenly Maker's praise,
To Thee, best parent, have ungrateful prov'd,
And from my mind the thoughts of Thee remov'd;
That almost sunk and lost in worldly care,
I seldom lift my soul to Thee in prayer:
No ways whatever hast Thou left untried
Me by instruction and advice to guide:
If these have fail'd and wanted proper force,
Then to correction Thou hast had recourse:
Yet, hitherto with such a lenient hand,
'That to thy love I still indebted stand.

But my base mind on earthly things intent,
And, as it were, in sty of filth content,
To harbour thoughts divine could not be taught,
Nor to a love of holiness be brought.
Nay, when my heart hath been most strictly watch'd
I have not seldom into sin been snatch'd,
Either thro' force of the temptation laid,
Or by my weak and treacherous frame betray'd:
Therefore accept my strong and earnest prayer,
That Thou would'st take me to thy special care;
Would'st my returning soul again receive,
And in thy mercy all its pangs relieve:
Would'st deign to aid me in my earthly race,
And my frail nature strengthen with thy Grace;
Thro' Jesus Christ, that Lamb without a stain,
Who, to redeem us from our sins, was slain.

VIII.

THO' deeply plung'd in sin's all-filthy lake,
O kindest Father, do not me forsake;
But draw me out, I pray, from that foul place
And then revive my fainting soul with Grace;
That I may know and earnestly desire,
And do whatever things thy laws require;
Whate'er may serve thy glory to extend;
And to secure myself a blessed end.
O gracious God, may I with cheerful mind
Thro' all my life to please Thee be inclin'd;
That nought to me more charming may appear,
Or to my heart so much itself endear;
Nor may I aught with greater zeal pursue
Than what is honest, just, and strictly true:
And to this sense of things let me arrive,
That nothing dreadful may my heart deprive
Of it's true courage, saving sin alone,
Under whose burden let me cease to groan;
Since I resolve with all the strength I have
That I'll no longer be to sin a slave.
May always modesty my steps attend,
Dishonour's foe, and virtue's constant friend:
Let that ingenious and generous shame
A steady interest in my bosom claim,
Which cautious shuns the dangerous path that leads
Where want of decency too well succeeds;

And where the filthy works of darkness hide
Their hideous face, nor can the light abide ;
That I not only keep from vices clear,
But ev'n to harbour them in thought, forbear.

Impart to me a mind, sound, free, sedate ;
Which panting for a blest eternal state,
By outward things may never be impair'd
But to resist them constantly prepar'd ;
Which can with worldly things with ease dispense,
Whether they threaten or they please the sense.
But since things present will at times molest,
And something shake the purpose of my breast ;
Oh ! may I soon my former self regain,
Nor from my stated rules of life refrain,
Unless necessity the thing constrain. }
On this alone may I be most intent,
On this my heart and mind be fully bent,
My thoughts and actions to keep pure and clear ;
Pious and just, and thro' the whole sincere ;
And so far only for my body care
As may it's health preserve in better fare ;
And let me follow nature as my guide,
Whose simple wants are easily supplied ;
And not by fancy or caprice be led,
Which always crave, and never can be fed.
Do Thou, O God, within my breast excite
In thy commandments a sincere delight :

And those thy holy laws, I love so well,
May I embrace them with a fervent zeal,
As precious treasures in my bosom fold,
And with thy word my daily converse hold:
Nay, in the stillness and the dead of night,
When all my cares are hush'd and banish'd quite,
May thy dear memory within me spring,
And to my mind a train of thinking bring;
How it were best thy doctrine to maintain,
Not doubting this would be my greatest gain,
If to thy words I pay a due respect,
And to thy oracles my feet direct.

Grant, gracious God, that I with special care
The company of wicked men forbear;
Nor ever to the lawless or the faithless fly,
My life with rules of conduct to supply:
But one in whom the fear of Thee, I know,
Whose love of thy great law his actions show;
To him may I with confidence repair,
And both his counsel and his friendship share.
Grant that in every place, by day and night,
As well in private as in public sight,
That I may always so conduct my ways,
Thro' this short span of transitory days,
That death, which knows not any age to spare,
May never terrible to me appear.
But, may my life on serious things intent
And in the study of true wisdom spent,

Have little else to exercise my mind
Save death alone—to that be most confin'd :
So that, O Lord, as living I am thine,
And in my death myself to Thee consign—
May I to Abraham's bosom be convey'd,
When once this mortal frame of mine's decay'd.
Lo, gracious God, whether I die or live,
Or sleep or wake, to Thee myself I give ;
For I am thine, by every motive bound,
And hope in Thee for ever to be found.
Grant me to pass this night in peaceful rest,
And wake again of health and strength possest.
That with thy praise I may begin the day,
And to thy holy name my worship pay ;
Through Jesus Christ, thy ever blessed Son,
Who, by his death, for us thy favour won.

WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

IX.

Most wise, most holy, and most gracious God,
Who rulest all things with a sovereign nod,
And, with thy essence fillest Earth and Skies,
Which space denies to hold, or bounds comprise :
No place so secret, or remote so far
But feels the influence of thy presence there :
Here, there, and ev'ry where it deigns to dwell ;
But how, surpasses human power to tell.
To Thee are all things good and evil known,
The past, the present, and the future shown ;
All, all are open to thy conscious view
Whate'er we think, whate'er we speak, and do :

For, all our actions good and bad are weigh'd,
And as it were, before thy eyes display'd :
So that thro' ignorance or quick surprise,
By fraud or artifice in any guise,
It may not, cannot surely be conceiv'd,
That Thou, Great God, should'st ever be deceiv'd.

May'st Thou impress upon my mind a sense
So deep of thy Divine Omnipotence ;
And of thy perfect knowledge such an awe,
As to thy service all my powers may draw :
That I may always, and in every place
Myself conduct, as if I saw thy face,
With holy reverence and with filial fear,
With wary caution, and with watchful care.
Nor in my thoughts, or words, or deeds presume,
What might so great a presence ill become.
Those blessed Angels, who in Heaven reside,
Before thy throne with wings their faces hide ;
Scarce able to sustain the dazzling sight,
And thy Divinity's effulgent light :
But I by nature, dust and ashes, frail—
Tho' I thy glorious Omnipresence hail,
Am not affected with that holy dread,
Which truth so glaring o'er my soul should spread.
Before a personage of high degree,
With proper reverence I bow my knee ;
But where's my dread, and where the humble fear,
When I discern thy awful Godhead near ?

In sight of mortal man, nay, ev'n a child
Shame for a time will keep me undefil'd ;
But when 'tis clear the Judge of All's at hand,
With open eyes I sin against command.
My mind, tis true, believes, my lips declare,
That future things outweigh the present far ;
That heavenly should to earthly give the word,
And, endless be, to those, which end, prefer'd ;
But, woe is me, a wretch to phrensy driv'n,
Who frustrate, all I can, the will of Heav'n ;
For, what I must as certain truth allow
My actions counteract and disavow.
My full attention worldly things engage ;
In them I toil, for them is all my rage :
At riches, pleasures, dignities I aim—
Nor spare my nerves in struggling for the same :
But in things sacred and which Heav'n concern,
For them my heart is little known to burn ;
But cold, and dull, and with the subject cloy'd,
I seem as one whose soul's of knowledge void.
If on some weighty point the preacher tries
To wake my soul and raise it to the skies ;
Be thy great majesty his holy theme,
Or life eternal, or the Christian scheme ;
To these great truths with languor I attend,
Or they at last in dull oblivion end.
Meanwhile things temporal, subject to decay,
And full prepar'd the senses to obey,

Dart and make deep impression on the mind,
Stir the affections, and leave stings behind.
And though by daily proof I clearly see
All human things upon the wing to be,
And that they tremble on the slightest thread,
Yet with their love inflam'd again I'm led
To seek those things which late my passion fed. }

But Thee, O God of mercy, I implore,
That Thou my sins would'st think upon no more,
And to thy favour me vouchsafe to take,
Not for my own, but thy Beloved's sake.
Nor, when before Thee my best deeds are laid,
The product of thy gifts to me convey'd,
Do Thou my imperfection bear in mind,
To which my carnal frailty is inclin'd,
But rather view what from Thy Spirit flows,
(To whom alone the world good actions owes.)
And the Redeemer's thought-surpassing deeds,
Who unto Thee for us incessant pleads.

X.

O MIGHTY GOD, thy kindness never fails ;
And thy sweet mercy thro' the world prevails,
For thy Beloved's sake, Thine only Son,
Whose children stand adopted for thy own,
Thou dost a pardon for their sins prepare,
And their poor works, imperfect as they are
Without reproach not only dost receive,
But as it were, thy approbation give ;
For Thou, to shew thy love and high regard,
With present bliss and future dost reward.
Not that such favours for our works are paid,
As if to them a recompense was made :
But from thy bounty merely they proceed,
As in thy holy word we clearly read :
That they, who love Thee, shall thy blessings share
And all who make thy word their special care.

To me vouchsafe such mercy to impart ;
Lord, in thy ways direct and rule my heart ;
That by thy wise unerring precepts led
I may henceforth thy paths more surely tread ;
And to the verge of life the course may run
Of thy commandments happily begun ;
Virtue to virtue adding day by day,
'Till to the heavenly Sion call'd away.
In me a fear and awe of Thee create,
That on thy pleasure I may wholly wait ;

And in all cases and at every hour
Humbly submit to thy Almighty Power,
With all the reverence, which a grateful heart
Should to a Father for his love impart,
With all the duty, that a servant owes
For heap'd up favours, which his Lord bestows.
For, if I think and ponder in my mind
O Lord and Father, what in Thee I find;
That is enough for me, and *that* alone,
Had no such place as Hell been ever known,
To dread far less the bitterest kind of death
Than to offend Thee to my latest breath.

Grant me Thy Spirit, by whose powerful Grace
I may a life of holiness embrace,
And be to Thee devoted all my days
In purity and truth and blameless ways;
That this may be the chief of my desires,
To do whatever things thy will requires;
And thy most glorious name alone to raise,
By every way in setting forth thy praise.

Not only from my mind the wish expel
Of having more, and loving self too well;
An eager haste in seeking after power;
A love of dalliance soft in pleasure's bower:
But may in me ambition's self expire,
And human glory be my least desire:
That there remain in me no place to stow
Or pride, or haughtiness, or glittering show:

No, not for avarice to enter there,
For wanton softness or delicious fare :
Let conscience witness, as my nearest friend,
That what I do I always well intend :
For that's our greatest comfort in distress,
When the world frowns, and cares our thoughts
Nor may I any thing an evil call, [oppress.
Excepting sin, whatever may befall.
Such wisdom freely to my soul impart,
Such ready skill, and that discerning art
That I by reason may my actions square,
And rule my tongue with all prudential care ;
That whatsoever work I take in hand,
With thought and good advice it may be plann'd ;
And that in all things I may keep in view,
And take good heed to what is just and true ;
But may discern what's false, impure, and base,
And fly from that, as from a serpent's face.

That a fair even conduct may appear
Thro' my whole life, in every action clear,
By thy good Spirit's all-inspiring power,
Remind me of my duty every hour ;
That I my work allotted may pursue,
As it becomes a man and christian too ;
By a deportment grave, but yet sincere ;
By diligence, that's wont to persevere ;
By love and friendship to all human kind ;
By justice, that pervades the upright mind.

But in all acts which my attention claim,
So much may I be busied in the same,
As their high worth and great concern permit,
And the regard that's due to what is fit ;
Lest by employing longer than I ought,
On small and trivial things my care and thought,
Should thence unhappily contract distaste,
And let my precious time run out to waste.
And since so short is life and quickly flown,
Give me to make the present time my own ;
That I may daily study to amend
What is amiss and makes me to offend :
And if to recreations I incline,
May still the rule of temperance be mine.

Let me beware how happiness I place
In what may draw me soon to foul disgrace :
Either by prompting me my word to break ;
Or bring my honour to a dangerous stake ;
Or wait for prey in mask'd disguise conceal'd ;
Or long for that, which should not be reveal'd.
Nor, when I've well deserv'd in virtue's cause,
May I be vainly led to court applause :
But rather to some other work proceed,
Alike in goodness to my former deed :
In this resembling a prolific tree,
Such as we often near the water see,
Which having once produc'd its fruitful store,
Seeks but in season to produce some more.

Should one with scorn to treat me be inclin'd,
Grant me that prudent and that patient mind,
Wherewith endued, I may revenge forego:
Nor stopping only here, my care bestow,
Lest I myself should in return attempt
To do or speak what might deserve contempt.
With me and others let no variance be
For that they differ in some points with me;
Nor may betwixt us any feud take place,
Because my sentiments they mayn't embrace
In things whereto I may full soon be bent,
Perhaps to enter ev'n my own dissent.
Since then my eager steps directly tend
To that blest state, which never shall have end;
And as on this my greatest stress I lay,
Thy will, O God, in all things to obey;
Thee my Supreme and greatest good to own;
And Thee for ever to enjoy alone:
Oh! may my life with such high thoughts agree,
And fail not to support their dignity!
Nor my pure counsels let this world annoy,
By mixing with them it's impure alloy:
But upon this my care and pains be given;
A certain interest to secure in Heaven,
And at the last—eternal bliss to share,
Thro' Christ's dear merits and effectual prayer.

WEDNESDAY.

47

EVENING.

XI.

O God of Glory through all ages blest,
Who in thyself art happiness confess'd ;
In thy vast nature all perfections meet,
With majesty ineffable replete.
To Thee no fear from any can arise—
Nor does thy fulness need their weak supplies :
But of thy own Thou givest at thy will
All things to all, that all may have their fill ;
For Thou'rt the head, and never failing spring,
Whence streameth every good and perfect thing.
The bliss eternal which abides in Thee,
My adoration claims on bended knee.
But ah ! 'tis merely babble to employ
My tongue in speaking of that wond'rous joy ;
And that excessive majesty on high,
Where sits enthron'd thy radiant Deity.
For here not only do I fail in speech ;
But the great subject not ev'n thought can reach.
As I then only upon Thee depend
And without Thee a wretched life must spend ;
May I thy happiness aspire to share
As much at least as human kind can bear.

I own, I have not, as in duty bound,
Been truly zealous in thy worship found :

Yet for my pardon humbly I repose
In thy great mercy, which for ever flows ;
And in the merits of thy blessed Son
And Intercession at the Gracious Throne.
No stronger wish can e'er impress my mind,
Than that with Thee I may acceptance find,
While thro' the course of this short life I steer ;
And, when my pilgrimage is ended here,
In perfect union join'd with Thee to live,
And all the fulness of thy house receive.
My longing soul, that thirsteth after bliss,
Contented rests with nothing less than this :
The streams impure, which earthly joys supply,
Offer in vain her thirst to satisfy :
To Thee, the constant everlasting source
Of every good, she wings her speedy course ;
Nor to enjoy it wants the body's aid ;
Since *that* at present cannot be convey'd :
For she herself within the body pent,
Is sadly clogg'd, and does her state lament.

Though, as I hope, my heart is well prepar'd,
To merit, O my God, thy kind regard ;
And though in spirit fervent I aspire
That holiness to reach, thy laws require ;
Yet doth my carnal sloth so far impede
My just endeavours, that I can't proceed :
Make then thy holy laws a constant goal
To me not freed as yet from such a load,

Which may my steps provoke towards the goal;
Not suffering sloth to intercept my soul.

Thou hast to us the best of rules convey'd,
Wherein our duty is at full display'd.
That Thou might'st also in our hearts instil
As well a love for good as hate for ill;
Thou hast rewards and punishments assign'd,
As they deserve of Thee, to either kind.
When Thou perceiv'st our mental eyes obscur'd,
That they to goodness cannot be allur'd
From the fair form alone, which virtue bears,
Such thy concern for us and our affairs,
Thou with the sweet allurements of reward
Draw'st us to love Thee, and to seek our Lord:
To *him* declaring, who thy law shall keep,
That of his labour he the fruits shall reap:
But unto *him* who does thy precepts slight
"That sin's not only hateful to thy sight,
But with impunity it shall not go,
Nor 'scape the sentence of eternal woe:
That Thou wilt take due vengeance of the scorn,
Which thy dread majesty on earth hath borne:"
And, to omit no motives to persuade,
Thou hast to us a faithful promise made
Of earthly blessings and of joys above,
To those who readily express their love,
In adoration, and in solemn praise,
And walking steady in thy holy ways:

But Thou hast threat'ned those who dare rebel,
With this life's evils, and the pains of Hell.

Yet have I, wretched man, by vice ensnar'd,
Myself averse to thy commands declar'd :
Nothing had power my stubborn heart to rend,
And unto Thee with due obedience bend :
Nor promises nor threat'nings could prevail,
Nor hope of glory nor the fear of Hell :
So that if only I begin to think,
My heart within me in despair must sink ;
Seeing the wond'rous distance that I stand
From that great sanctity thy laws demand—
But yet thro' Christ with mercy shines thy face
Ev'n on the worst, who turn to Thee in Grace.
Therefore forlorn and quite of merit bare,
To Thee, O God, for mercy I repair.
Instead of merits and a virtuous course
To this I fly, my last and best resource :
My thoughts and all my hope's wrapt up in this ;
Here do I hold and wait my future bliss :
This was to us declar'd and clearly shown
Through Jesus Christ, thy dear and only Son,
To whom with Thee and th' Holy Ghost be giv'n
Honour and Praise on Earth as 'tis in Heav'n.

XII.

THY Law, O mighty Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Concludeth all men guilty from their birth ;
Nor can we otherwise for righteous pass
Than from the influence of heavenly Grace :
But that dear Grace so needful to our aid
By man to us can never be convey'd ;
For what's in man, what in the very best,
Which of thy justice can sustain the test ?
But that which no mere man of earthly race
Could merit for us at the Throne of Grace—
Thine Only Son, who on the cross was slain,
Hath surely merited, and will obtain :
The Saviour Christ our Lord, the good and just,
For wicked sinners near-ally'd to dust :
The great and mighty, for the weak depress'd ;
The rich and pow'rful, for the poor oppress'd :
Thy well beloved and thy dear delight,
For wretched creatures hateful to thy sight.
With my whole heart that Great One I embrace,
Who in compassion to our woful case,
Redeem'd our nature from thy heavy curse,
And mediates still betwixt thy wrath and us ;
Assur'd that He, whose mighty pow'r could save
Ten thousand worlds, were they his aid to crave,
Can my unnumber'd sins put far away ;
His mercy ruling with a sovereign sway.

THURSDAY.

MORNING.

XIII.

GREAT GOD, by whom the Universe was made,
And at thy will with mighty pow'r is sway'd ;
May I be suffer'd, sinner as I am,
All poor and needy and o'erwhelm'd with shame,
Thee as thy humble suppliant to address,
The Heavenly King, who pitieth all distress.
Thy bounty and thy store alike exceed ;
Who still possess'st what Thou giv'st to need :
And to be ask'd, and grant a just request,
Pleaseth Thee well, and suits thy nature best.
For where in want should I unhappy go,
But to the fount, whence all our blessings flow ?—

Whither betake me in my sore distress,
But unto Him whose mercies never cease ?
Whither in dangers and in straits repair,
But to my rock, which will secure from fear ?
As when myself I search with mental eye,
My weak poor state too plainly I descry ;
So, when I seek for succour to protect
And screen my nature from its sad defect,
I cannot of myself afford such aid ;
That must to me from elsewhere be convey'd.
But Thou, O God, to cheer my drooping mind,
In my behalf to mercy art inclin'd ;
And to indulge me to my full content,
Do'st in thy Christ Thyself to me present :
In whom Thou freely offer'st to translate
Me from my wretched and forlorn estate ;
From rags, and poverty which presseth sore,
To-gorgeous robes and every kind of store ;
And do'st in mercy to my view display
Celestial treasures knowing no decay :
That my whole faith towards thy Son may bend,
And all I long for may on him depend ;
That my full hope to Him may fully cleave,
And rest in Him, who never can deceive.
Teach me this wisdom from above, I pray,
And from all films so purge my visual ray,
That in the light of old deriv'd from Thee,
I with these eyes eternal light may see.

And, since I'm taught this certain truth to own,
That all I need my happiness to crown ;
And all, I cannot from myself procure—
In Thee, O God, resides to me secure ;
And in Christ Jesus, thy beloved Son,
In whom the fulness of thy bounty's shown :—
What rests, but that myself I humbly place
And thro' my Lord and Saviour seek thy face
With vows and prayers, entreating Thee to give
What I can never but from Thee receive ?

Whoso with humble confidence applies
To Thee, great God, for requisite supplies,
Is sure to meet with no unkind neglect,
Since those who seek Thee, Thou do'st not reject :
I therefore long thy mercy to embrace,
Which now invites me to the throne of Grace :
Thee, O my God, I earnestly entreat,
A true and lively faith in me beget ;
Whereby my heart may always be in frame
To seek thy glory and invoke thy name.
Me with the spirit of adoption bless,
Which may the Gospel on my mind impress,
And so my spirit raise that I may dare
To offer boldly unto Thee my prayer ;
And waft my soul from earth and human cares
To Thee, my God, the ruler of the stars.
How great the privilege with Thee to hold
This converse sweet, cannot in words be told,

Which, thro' the gracious benefit of prayer,
I may partake of and enjoy my share :
Whereby to treasures I may make my way,
Which for thy faithful children ready lay,
Whereby when enter'd in the Courts of Heav'n
I may in presence plead thy promise giv'n :
For, not content with promising alone,
Of all thy promises Thou breakest none ;
But makest good whate'er thy mouth hath past,
And will continue faithful to the last.
Therefore tho' guilty, all my hope I place,
And, in thy mercy, wait for pardoning Grace :
Since, in thy word, true penitents may read
That Thou thy favour hast to them decreed.
My very prayers indeed, I own with shame,
Are mark'd with faults and justly merit blame ;
In which, if Thou to rigour wert inclin'd,
Devotion pure and true Thou might'st not find ;
Nor zeal with warmth and energy express'd,
Nor supplications properly address'd.
Thee I invoke not with that sacred awe,
Which such a majesty should from me draw ;
Nor do I always raise my groveling heart
In thy true worship to sustain a part.
Myself I often find most sadly press'd
With my cold, backward nature to contest :
Nor want, nor misery have sufficient sway
To work within me a desire to pray :

But on my near approach, and being allow'd
With Thee to plead about my greatest good—
Ev'n what concern'd my soul's eternal fate
And her salvation in another state.—
In midst of this lip-service I forgot
The great concern wherein I'd been so hot;
And suffer'd every serious thought to stray,
And to the merest trifles turn away;
Which or my fickle fancy might suggest,
Or the curs'd spirit, who can never rest.
Ah me, poor wretch! who prostrate at thy feet
To deprecate the fate my sins may meet,
All on a sudden have broke off my prayer
And giv'n my mind for worldly things to tear:
As if it could be thought that Thou should'st deign
To hear those pray'rs the mind would not retain.
But when that weakness I with tears deplore
Yet have I this one comfort still in store—
That Thou art gracious and extremely kind
And to sweet mercy evermore inclin'd:
So that a doubt may possibly have grown,
Whether more slow to anger Thou art known,
Or more to mercy and to kindness prone.

Thou, without doubt, art good and kind to all;
And over all thy works thy mercies fall:
For what is known without its proper share
Of thy great kindness and paternal care?

Nay, what in all the Universe is found
Which with thy clemency does not resound ;
And ev'n in this it's constant witness bear ;
That thy great providence is pleas'd to spare
From age to age a stubborn wicked world
Into confusion by it's vices hurl'd.
Thou art at all times ready to forgive,
And the poor sinner into Grace receive,
If he who lately made thy anger burn,
Would to his duty but again return.

Thou sometimes also, as the event declares,
Hast even lent a kindly ear to pray'rs,
Which, thro' a sense of nature, force hath wrung
From wicked men and from the faithless throng :
And this Thou do'st that all the world may know
That Thou, on all thy mercy can'st bestow ;
But if to such their prayers be not denied,
And they sometimes may have their wants supplied,
By this, a proof Thou giv'st, that cannot fail,
How easy penitents with Thee prevail ;
Who, to appease their great offended King
A true conversion to his presence bring.
By me, O Lord, with sorrow 'tis confess'd
That Thou most justly may'st my pray'rs detest,
Which have too often into sin been turn'd,
And which can never be too often mourn'd :
But for these very pray'rs, whate'er they be,
I humbly beg Thee on my bended knee,

That Thou the sorrows of my heart would'st hear
And for my sins thy just revenge forbear.
But this I ardently of Thee desire,
That an attentive mind I may acquire :
And such an awe do Thou on me impress
Of that great power, whom I in pray'r address,
That in thy sight I may not henceforth dare
To play the fool and take the mocker's chair :
Nor let my mind be so far only bent,
As to retain the words my breath hath spent ;
But grant, as far as I can raise the same,
I may be kindled with devotion's flame :
And may my prayers, sent up by such a mind
And such a zeal, from Thee acceptance find ;
Thro' Jesus Christ, who pitying our sad state,
Now sits with Thee our mighty advocate.

XIV.

O THOU, in whom resides all excellence,
Imprint upon my heart a pious sense
Of that vast distance, where thy nature soars
So much above, so far surpassing ours ;
That well convinc'd of thy exalted state,
And my poor low one, when compar'd with *that*,
I may be always ready and prepar'd
To render Thee all honour and regard ;
To the wise precepts of thy law give ear ;
And at thy pleasure all my actions steer.
Enlighten Thou my intellectual eye,
In knowing Christ, our day-spring from on high :
About religion when I give my voice,
Keep me from forming a preposterous choice,
Which into errors without number leads,
And over truth a cloud of darkness spreads :
Nor let the doctrine pure as is the light,
The Christian Faith, be darkness to my sight :
The veil withdraw, that me the use deprives
Of that true light, which all the world revives ;
That I may see the wonders, and admire,
From that celestial doctrine which transpire.

Here in this world a pilgrimage I pass,
My journey hast'ning to another place,
Above the clouds, high as the highest Heav'n,
Where to our hopes a better life is giv'n,

Thy precepts therefore, which us thither bring,
Conceal not from me, O my heav'nly King;
Whose mind is panting with intense desire,
To know thy laws, and do what they require.
Let not religion which at thy command
Was sent to guide us thro' this dreary land,
To bliss eternal, in the realms of light
Thro' me be wounded, or receive a slight :
That, what was giv'n as food to make us whole,
Instead of saving, should destroy the soul.
Oh, may my conscience be from error free,
And no false rule my life's director be :
But what I find in nature right and fit,
And is to me confirm'd in holy writ—
May that take full possession of my heart
And firmly rooted never thence depart.

Do Thou the turnings of my mind direct,
Whether my thoughts or passions they respect;
That on the best of things my thoughts may dwell,
And passion never against reason swell :
Make and preserve me pious, good, and true,
Grave, free of heart, giving to all their due—
Gently dispos'd, friendly to human kind,
And to maintain my duty strong of mind.
So let thy Holy Spirit me direct,
That I may always instantly reflect,
In every purpose and in every deed,
How much man's nature does the beasts' exceed.

And since corporeal pleasure never can
Answer the dignity and worth of man,
Let me despise it and reject with scorn,
Lest I should seem of bestial kindred born ;
And be a man in outward shape alone,
A man in name, but not a real one.
But if to pleasure I should chance submit,
Give me to know the mean in using it :
That here for serious studies I was sent,
And not my time to waste in merriment.

Grant me such wisdom, that by previous care
I may for threat'ning ills myself prepare :
And to my lot should they hereafter fall,
With moderation may I bear them all.
May my mind also be by Thee endued
With that degree of Christian fortitude,
That treating human things with slight regard,
I may with nothing here be greatly scar'd !
May I, in short, with full exertion strain
The very heights of virtue to attain ;
And not a thought to harbour near me dare,
Which I would not consent the world might hear !
Nor let my heart incline to any thing
Which may or gain or pleasure seem to bring ;
Whereto, when well consider'd, I shall find
A base dishonest meaning with it join'd.
But may I keep my mind and morals pure,
And so my interest in Thee secure,
That I may be thought worthy to partake
The lot of holy saints for Christ his sake.

X V.

O GOD, who willing to prolong my stay
Hast added to my life another day ;
This morn prevent me with thy strength'ning Grace,
Nor cease to bless me from thy holy place.
Without thy favour and express command
Nothing can prosper that we take in hand ;
Neither our labour in the calls of life,
Nor signal valour in the dangerous strife
Nor active industry—nor quick dispatch,
Nor wise contrivance, ever on the watch.
To Thee we're bound to offer daily praise ;
Who by thy sun and his all-cheering rays,
Causes the eastern and the western coast
Exult with joy, and of thy blessings boast.

Thou hast to me thy tender care express'd,
And thro' my life thy servant richly bless'd :
And when I die, for more than this I'll wait,
But most of all in my eternal state.
In me whatever good is found I own
To be the work of thy strong Grace alone.
By Thee enrich'd, to Thee most firmly bound,
For all thy benefits wherewith I'm crown'd,
I should at all times show myself inclin'd
To all the duty of a grateful mind ;
And in thy holy worship spend my days,
Attentive ever to rehearse thy praise.

But neither I, nor any mortal man
Can high enough extol the sacred plan,
Or use expressions to declare its worth,
And in terms fitting set thy goodness forth ;
Who sent on Earth thy dear and only Son,
To suffer death for us, a race undone ;
That we obnoxious to thy vengeful ire,
And to the curse which threatens eternal fire ;
May be deliver'd from the dreadful fate
Of sin and misery in another state ;
And brought at last eternal bliss to taste
When in celestial regions we are plac'd.

What great and endless thanks shall I return
For all thy goodness and this kind concern ?
Since Thee, O God, our Father we may call,
Christ thy dear Son, Redeemer of us all ;
The Holy Spirit, Comforter from on high ;
The angels sent to aid us from the sky ;
The world, an inn of rest upon the road ;
The Heaven, a city for our long abode.
Since by thy wise and providential care
We reap advantage oft from what we fear,
In deadly foes our happiness we find ;
Afflictions prove, as med'cines to the mind ;
Nay, even death with all his hideous train
Of frightful spectres, is to us a gain.
O kindest Father, the exceeding love,
To thine Thou bearest, is so far above

All that affection other fathers show,
As Thou in goodness dost them all out-do :
If every earthly father, void of shame
And love paternal, should their sons disclaim,
Thou, we are sure, a different part wilt take,
Nor ever bear thy children to forsake.
Altho' those fathers may their children leave,
And for their offspring mothers cease to grieve,
Yet shall thy mercy be for ever shown,
Nor wilt Thou be forgetful of thy own.
Oh the vast riches of thy heav'nly Grace
Purchas'd in Christ for all our human race !
Thou truly deign'st thy servant to refresh
With the best comfort which I can possess ;
More to be valued by me, while I live,
Than all the treasures that the world can give :—
For Thou our sins art willing to remit
Thro' Jesus Christ, whose blood will all acquit ;
Whom we, with Thee, and th' Holy Ghost, adore
With honour, praise and thanks for evermore.

EVENING.

XVI.

O GOD, who wast from all eternity,
Who ever art, and wilt for ever be;
Thy perfect nature nothing can derange,
Or in it cause the shadow of a change :
And when thro' various scenes of mortal life
It vieweth all things at perpetual strife,
Firm in itself, and quite compact remains,
And neither loses aught, nor aught it gains.
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Thou in thyself enjoyest full delight ;
And also dost eternal life bestow,
Promis'd in Christ to us who dwell below.
Grant me, I pray, that leaving human cares,
My thoughts may often soar above the stars,
To that most blessed and immortal state ;
For which may I with hope assured wait,
And lively faith in thy beloved Son,
Who for us men such glorious things hath done.
And let that faith and hope in me inspire
Of holy living an extreme desire.

I own that I, with vain ideas fed,
A vague, confus'd, perturbed life have led :
Fickle, unsteady, to no point confin'd,
Hath been the state of my uncertain mind ;

With eagerness pursuing this to-day—
To-morrow turning from the same away.
Whene'er affliction sinks me in the mire,
And threats the feebler sense with sword and fire ;
Into my mind a train of thoughts it brings
And thy remembrance soon within me springs.
But from those ills no sooner am I freed,
When to my wishes all things now succeed,
Than I no more regard for duty show,
And in my haste all thought of Thee forego.
But what sounds baser, I am like a steed
Which us'd on dainties from the hand to feed,
Of his high blood to give the earliest proof,
Against his master dares to raise his hoof !
Thou hast to me the best of Fathers prov'd,
While I deserv'd not to be so belov'd ;
For quite ungrateful no return I made ;
Or, as a son, to Thee obedience paid.
Thou hast, in Christ, thy well-beloved Son,
Thro' mercy deign'd to take me for thy own :
And still my life a poor resemblance hits
Of Christ, the band, which my adoption knits.
He by the washing of his precious blood
Our souls hath cleans'd, our nature hath renew'd ;
And hath this cleansing quality convey'd,
By virtue on the stream of baptism shed :
But I have wallow'd in the dregs of sin
And with new guilt and filth polluted been.

How was to me his love and mercy shown,
When pleas'd to join my body to his own :
Yet I, his member, have not fear'd, the while,
Myself with marks of infamy to soil !
The same my Head from Earth to Heav'n is gone,
Whilst I my thoughts confine to Earth alone.
Altho' the Holy Spirit, as a shrine,
To Thee was pleas'd my body to assign,
Yet nought have I with courage true assay'd,
Whereby thy glory might be wide display'd :
But I the temple, which to Thee pertains,
Have oft polluted with my filthy stains.
Celestial freshness, knowing no decay,
A glorious crown, which fadeth not away,
With pleasures never ending will await
My soul and body in another state :
Yet have I fail'd to keep them pure and clear
Against the day of Christ, approaching near.
Ah me ! when soul and body thus I leave,
The dove-like Spirit how must I aggrieve !
Who in pure hearts alone is pleas'd to stay,
But from the vile and base flies far away.
Oh, that I might my soul and body clear
From all pollutions that inhabit there ;
My eyes with tears should never cease to flow,
And my whole life a true repentance show.

But neither length of time can e'er efface
My conscious sense of this my foul disgrace,

Nor could whole floods of tears from day to day
Have power to wash such filthy deeds away ;
Unless, O God, Thou deign'st my part to take
Propitious to me for my Saviour's sake ;
My sad corrupted will to renovate,
And a clean heart within me to create.
Therefore, most gracious Father, I request,
That, what depravity still haunts my breast,
May in Christ's perfect holiness be lost
Corrected or expel'd by th' Holy Ghost,
The strength of both to sanctify my heart
Exceeds all power corruption can exert
My nature to pollute by every art. }
Thus in sure hope let me on Thee rely,
When with the flesh no longer I comply,
But all-attentive to the Spirit's will
In Jesus Christ, his high behests fulfil ;
When by the Spirit's law, which dwells within
Our Saviour Christ, I'm freed from death and sin.

XVII.

O GOD, who view'st the secrets of my heart,
To whom lies open ev'n its inmost part,
Pardon, I pray Thee, to thy servant grant,
Who with true sorrow does his sins lament ;
For though like others of the human race,
Oft on my nature I have brought disgrace,
And against Thee committed vile offence,
Yet let me thus far plead my own defence ;
That I sincerely with my nature strive,
In no continued acts of sin to live ;
But to my utmost pow'r myself restrain
From giving way to any sin again.
Upon my baser passions I must own
That I, indeed, too slack a rein have thrown,
And more have fear'd affliction's heavy hand,
Than crimes, which war against divine command.
But now no evil lies so near my heart
As sin, and acting the dishonest part ;
Which to the body may be hurtful found,
But in the mind must fix a deadly wound.
My lustful passions teach me to restrain :
Within due bounds my anger to contain ;
To treat false pleasures with deserv'd contempt ;
To keep myself from avarice exempt ;
From perturbations of the mind to flee,
And from unguarded follies hold it free ;

That I in moderation may excel,
And persevere in doing all things well ;
Content and quiet in my proper state ;
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate :
That I by crosses be not made to pine ;
Nor urg'd by fear my peace of mind resign ;
Nor with too eager expectation burn ;
Nor suffer thoughtless mirth my brain to turn :

Grant me, I pray, a generous upright mind,
To virtue and to holiness inclin'd,
Which may all objects, that to sense relate,
With cool indifference resolve to treat ;
Those above all which with their charms invite, }
Or, with a prospect of disasters fright, }
Or with their pride and arrogance excite. }
In all my pray'rs, which I to Thee address,
On this one thing I lay my greatest stress :—
That Thou to me true goodness would'st impart,
And with celestial Wisdom fill my heart ;
Than which no gift by Thee can be assign'd
More great and precious to the human mind.
Sway'd by her precepts I shall live in peace :
With such a guide my judgment will increase :
For she will teach me how my course to run ;
What I should do, and what should leave undone ;
And, in the thing my conscience hath approv'd,
Firmly to persevere and stand unmov'd.

In me let also reign so strong a love
Of doing that which justice will approve,
That I may sooner wretched suff'rings choose
Than dare another wrongfully abuse ;
Clearly convinc'd, and bearing still in mind—
That others to defraud in any kind,
Or by a neighbour's detriment obtain
What I myself apply to selfish gain,
'The law of nature with more force attacks
Than death, than poverty, than torturing racks ;
Than all besides the body can befall,
And things without, which we our own miscall ;
Since it mankind of social life deprives,
And takes away all comfort from our lives.

Do Thou in me, O God of Holiness,
All tendency to every sin repress ;
Not to those only which alarm the mind,
But to the least, and ev'n the lightest kind,
Which on the morals are too apt to blow,
And upon them a greater blemish throw ;
Power we have at first with so much ease
To keep from spreading such a slight disease.
Oh may I nothing do, or aught desire,
But what a true good conscience may require ;
And to *that life* a thousand deaths prefer,
Which God's and good men's anger would incur !

As much as I the conflict can maintain
In mind and body, with my might and main,

So much may I in virtue's race achieve,
So much the greater prize at last receive !
And since to Thee for all supplies I'm bound,
May I not wanting to myself be found !

Let me not henceforth look on that as sure,
Stable and firm, and likely to endure,
Which frailty never ceases to attend,
And upon which 'twere madness to depend.
But rather daily may my thoughts reflect,
What various cares the present life affect :
That here we live in no continued stay,
But, like our shadows, flit in haste away ;
That Death on every side in ambush lies,
And every where comes on us by surprise ;
And since no mortal upon earth is sure
That for a moment he shall keep secure,
How great a danger might to me ensue
Were I to dare that course of life pursue,
Wherein if instant death my days should close,
I might be doom'd to never-ending woes !

Wherefore with earnest prayer I seek Thy face,
Beseeching Thee to aid me with Thy Grace,
That I may boldly and without delay
Of thy all-saving health pursue the way.
And may I never with a doubt of mine
In question call thy promises divine ;
Ready prepar'd with goods and life to part,
When in such service Christ demands my heart ;

That I at last may change this house of clay
For one celestial, which can not decay ;
Where an eternity I may enjoy,
And in a blessed state myself employ ;
To which no limits are by time assign'd
And to no measure is its bliss confin'd ;
Where without sin eternal ages roll,
Where no dark clouds the pure clear ether foul ;
Where health without infirmity abides,
And no deformity fair beauty hides ;
A sprightly cheerfulness from sorrow freed ;
Wisdom, which error never can mislead ;
Light without Darkness, Day without a Night,
A Life which Death no longer can affright.
O best of Fathers, deign on me to pour
This happy blessing at my latest hour,
Thro' the immortal merit of thy Son,
Our Saviour Christ, who did for us atone.

FRIDAY.

MORNING.

XVIII.

O GOD of mercies, unexhausted source,
From whence the "living water" takes it's course ;
From whence celestial light itself derives,
And perfect love is pour'd o'er all our lives ;
In Thee, of life and happiness the well,
All praise and glory do for ever dwell.
When I 'with words thy essence strive to reach,
My stammering accent breaks all rules of speech :
And when my thoughts the subject would embrace,
Soon are they lost, and rapture fills their place.
Not e'en the tongues of angels can suffice,
Or seraphs' knowledge for a theme so nice.

'Tis of thy nature only to explore
And comprehend Thee and thy mighty pow'r :
Of all the creatures, which thy hands have wrought,
None are endued with so great stretch of thought.
But since no words can possibly define,
Nor heart conceive a nature so divine ;
The more I find myself unequal here,
The more I wish to fill my proper sphere ;
In doing that, which all things else exceeds,
The best by far of all our human deeds ;
Adoring Thee with reverence and love,
Our gracious Lord, the mighty God above.

In streams so copious does thy favour flow
That, though it blesses all the plains below,
Thy bounty makes it not at all the less ;
It stops not or its progress or increase.
No fear of any danger to be run,
Lest bounty should by bounty be undone :
For while thine eye is watchful o'er our wants,
All things to all thy hand unsparing grants.

That act of thine in my creation shown,
How great and kind was e'en that act alone !
For this to Thee I not a little owe,
But my whole self, my soul and body too.
But if, for this first gift by duty bound,
I ought for ever make thy praise resound,
How must those thousand gifts my thanks employ,
Which Thou thro' life hast made my heart enjoy,

Whilst I no merit of my own could plead,
That Thou such favours should'st to me concede.

But be remember'd most that SIGNAL ONE,
The world's Redemption by thine only Son ;
Whom Thou hast suffer'd death to undergo,
That Thou might'st free me from eternal woe.
Ah me, who could not but retain a sense
Of that mysterious love of Providence ;
Yet have not fear'd to suffer shameful sin
With all it's filthy train to enter in ;
Which, I must know, had once provok'd the wrath
Of Heav'n's great King to scourge a guilty Earth ;
And which to expiate, and repair our loss,
The Blessed Saviour died upon the cross.
When by the washing of my sin away,
In sacred streams, which saving health convey,
I was receiv'd within the Christian ark,
And of my calling wore the glorious mark,
To be enroll'd by Christ I gave my name ;
Under his banner to acquire the fame
Of a true soldier in the holy strife,
And in his service end this mortal life :
To whom, great Leader, twice my life I ow'd ;
The first, His favour at my birth bestow'd ;
The next, when forfeited by sin, restor'd ;
More than myself I ow'd my dearest Lord.
But me the most ungrateful of my kind
Nbr vows, nor promises to Thee could bind.

The solemn covenant at baptism made
Hath been by me most shamefully betray'd ;
For, as a rebel, to the foe I fled,
From whom to rescue me Christ's blood was shed :
Neither deterr'd by such a conqueror's frown,
Tho' Him to be "the mighty God" I own ;
Nor by the force of gratitude restrain'd,
Tho' He for me to take my nature deign'd.

To sins presumptuous have I given way,
And against knowledge often gone astray :
Whereat thy anger might with justice burn,
To have thy favours meet with such return ;
Which must not only Thee of course offend,
But to myself prove fatal in the end.
I have, alas, by dear experience known,
How soon a bliss deriv'd from sin is flown :
Both it's extremes to one point being drawn,
It flits away when it begins to dawn.
But I to misery and madness giv'n,
For this short pleasure risk'd the loss of Heav'n ;
And to such punishment myself expos'd
As by no space of time whatever clos'd,
In it's duration all things else survives,
And with Eternity coeval lives.

But, O my God, I pray Thee now dispense
Thy gracious pardon to such vile offence.
My fetter'd soul do Thou again enlarge,
And lay not this great folly to my charge ;

Who have resisted Thee and thy vast might
Treating thy mandates with the utmost slight.
But now to Thee in sorrow I return,
And struck with dread my past offences mourn.
In thy Son's blood, that fount which open lies
To cleanse our souls from all impurities,
Wash Thou away my sins, and take from hence
The filth contracted by my past offence.
Be pleas'd, O God, in mercy to impart
To me a contrite and a wounded heart;
That I, so great a sinner, may be brought
To due submission and the humblest thought,
To such a sense of my unhappy state
As may sore anguish and remorse create ;
But so that I at last may find relief,
And by thy Spirit's aid be freed from grief:
Who can from darkness draw the cheering light,
And from the depths of sorrow true delight?
Thou, "on the dry and thirsty land" hast said,
"My Spirit I in copious streams will shed :"
Oh on my thirst the dewy nectar pour,
And let my soul exhaust the kindly show'r ;
That by this holy watering from above,
I may the fruits produce of truth and love :
Nor may henceforth a useless servant be ;
But with a heart devoutly pledg'd to Thee,
Live in obedience to thy holy word,
Thro' Jesus Christ, thy Son, our blessed Lord !

XIX.

ALMIGHTY GOD, whose providential care
 Looks to thy several creatures every where,
 In this perturbed state of things, I pray,
 Let not my passions o'er my reason sway;
 Nor the superior faculty be led
 To what the lower ones would fain persuade.
 Be so my faculties by Thee dispos'd,
 That with all ease and never discompos'd
 The mind may keep the body in controul,
 The body freely may obey the soul:
 Oh teach me so to curb my strong desires,
 And cool the heat of their excessive fires,
 And so excite my diligence and care,
 That nothing rash may in my deeds appear.
 With that sincerity my mind affect,
 That I may never in the least deflect [direct: }
 From those good paths, right conscience may }
 Nor may I any wicked steps pursue,
 With riches, pow'r or pleasure in my view:
 Tho' I might keep it hid from human eyes,
 No one might know it—no, nor e'en surmise.
 Oh that to wash away all filth of sin,
 And a well-order'd course of life begin,
 Into my conscience I may deeply pry,
 And to my soul my special care apply:

That what is first, and claims our chief respect,
Should not be last, and meet with our neglect !
For health and strength be food and raiment us'd,
And not for pleasure's sake by me abus'd ;
And may I always think, how mean the soul
Of him, who loves in luxury to roll ;
Who wastes his every day in sumptuous fare,
And fine soft clothing makes his only care :
But in reverse—how manly is the strife
Of him, who vows to lead a temperate life ;
Chaste, frugal, sober, to himself severe ;
He lives to purpose, with a conscience clear.
May decent modesty be ever seen
Spread o'er my face, my eyes, and all my mien.
Whene'er I speak my words let caution guard,
And in my converse nought but truth be heard.
May I with food my stomach not oppress,
Nor in my drink a stated rule transgress :
And let no words or deeds proceed from me
Which with my holy training may'nt agree.
But as Christ's doctrine to my heart is dear,
And I, his servant, would be thought sincere,
May I not only bear the Christian name,
But prove myself in very deed the same ;
In words and actions, meet to show the sense
I hold of that great name's pre-eminence.

O gracious God, had I but set my love
Always on Thee, and things in Heaven above,

And my affections had not thrown away
On things so vile, so subject to decay !
But now, my heart with eager love inflam'd
And with a steady firmness newly fram'd,
Fain at thy footstool I myself would throw
And bind me to Thee in a solemn vow :
Now do I love Thee with my heart and mind,
Thee with desire I seek and long to find ;
That I thy precepts in my heart may lay,
Lest by some sudden passion snatch'd away
I from thy holy law might hapless stray. }
Now with thy sacred will I wish to close,
And never mine again to Thine oppose,
But rather quash it ; nay e'en strike it dead,
That I thy will may substitute instead.

Whate'er good work Thou hast in me begun,
I pray, desist not till the work be done :
For 'tis of Thee, and thy free gift, I own ;
That seeds of virtue in my will are sown ;
That to the love of good my heart's inclin'd ;
That I press forwards with a willing mind.
Grant, therefore, that my will and strong desire
And my endeavours may not faint or tire ;
But boldly on proceed, 'till that is brought
To full effect, which they with care had sought ;
That I may constantly persist in these,
And to the end of life may never cease.

But since Thou'rt pleas'd again to bless my sight
With the return of morning's cheerful light,
From dangers keep thy servant all the day
And thro' the snares of death make clear my way.
A friend to all my worthy labours stand,
That *that* may prosper which I take in hand.
This to thy praise and my salvation be, [Thee, }
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, who dwells with }
And with the Holy Ghost, *One God, eternally.* }

EVENING.

XX.

O GLORIOUS GOD, by whom were all things made,
When universal nature was display'd,
Thou would'st have nothing in the world appear,
But what was neat, and elegant and fair.
As many kinds of creatures as are known,
So many proofs of goodness hast Thou shown ;
Of pleasantness, which cheerful mirth excites ;
And beauty, which our eyes and hearts delights.
Thou hast the world embrighten'd with the sky,
The sky with stars, the stars with light on high ;
Thou hast the earth replenish'd with thy stores,
Cloth'd it with trees, with herbs, with fruits and
Whereof are numbers not to be express'd, [flow'rs,
By various marks distinguish'd from the rest.
Nor do the hills less ornament display
With meads, fields, springs, rivers, coasts and sea,
And pleasant shores : of beasts so many sorts,
Fishes and birds, surpassing all reports :
So great a beauty does them all pervade,
Which with consummate wisdom Thou hast made ;
But having rais'd a theatre so grand ;
And richly fill'd by thy all-bounteous hand,
A house so vast, with stores of all things, meet
To make the furniture thereof complete ;

Thou didst at last bring in thy creature, man,
To be spectator of the finish'd plan ;
And not spectator only, but to be
The lord of all, and sovereign, under Thee.
Under thy forming hands man rose to light,
Of structure wonderful, a glorious sight ;
For Thou in moulding such a goodly frame
Didst, as it were, thy utmost skill proclaim ;
Man Thou hast made a link of that long chain,
Which does in union Heaven and Earth retain :
The spiritual and corporeal world ally,
And in the universe a void supply :
Not only of the greater world to be
A lively and a strong epitome ;
But e'en thy image, mighty God, to bear
Impress'd upon his soul, and dwelling there ;
Some rays partaking of thy heav'nly bliss,
Thy sacred wisdom, and thy holiness.

But in his former state, almost ador'd,
As nature's paragon, creation's Lord,
The impress of his Maker, which he bore ;
How chang'd, alas, from what he was before,
Is he now fallen from his pristine bliss
Into calamity's extreme abyss !
Where rest he seeks in vain, and meets distress
Under the cover'd name of happiness ;
And thinks, mistaken mortal, that he holds
Life in his arms, when death itself he folds.

That sad disorder of the human race,
Too much, I own, in me hath taken place.
My shameful folly I must needs confess,
Who meanly could the memory suppress,
Of native worth and origin divine,
And to the vilest things on Earth decline.

Ah me ! how great, O God, my guilt and sin,
How great my sloth and indolence have been !
Thou hast deliver'd in thy holy word,
And left to us such precepts on record,
Than which more perfect, holy, just, and wise,
No human thought could possibly devise.
And such great promises vouchsaf'd to give,
As neither man, nor angel could conceive.
Which are by none surpass'd in excellence ;
And none of God more worthy to dispense.
But my rebellious will hath not obey'd
Thy holy laws, by willing duty sway'd ;
Not ev'n those precepts, so replete with love,
Of which the mind cannot but well approve :
And my heart taking to a worldly turn
Look'd on those promises with no concern ;
Which all that wond'rous happiness comprise,
We may one day expect above the skies.
Tho' I do Thee the one true God confess,
Whom I should love and piously address,
Thee, the great end of all, the chiefest good,
Compar'd with whom, all things are dirt and mud ;

And tho' a strong antipathy I feel
Before an idol or to bow or kneel,
Yet on my infamous revolt from Thee,
Was not from idol-worship wholly free ;
When to vain creatures I have basely turn'd,
And towards them with vile affection burn'd ;
To whom, as to my gods, nor bull, nor goat,
But did myself in sacrifice devote.

Besides, tho' Thou to me wast pleas'd to send
Thy Spirit down, thy servant to befriend,
That He convicting me of sin and shame,
Might in my breast excite a holy flame ;
Often have I presum'd with daring heart
These gracious overtures of thine to thwart ;
And e'en with scorn reject thy proffer'd Grace,
Which, if accepted, might my sins efface.
But yet this Grace Thou offer'st still to give,
Which we so oft reluctantly receive.
Oh may thy boundless love my spirit quail,
And o'er my stubborn heart at last prevail :
That I thy Grace no longer may withstand,
But from my heart request it at thy hand ;
And my whole self to thy good pleasure give
Thro' Jesus Christ, who died that man should live !

XXI.

O GOD ALMIGHTY, let my pray'rs arise
To Thee, as incense which perfumes the skies ;
And as a sacrifice, thy presence greet,
That they may fully thy acceptance meet ;
Tho' my offences loud against me cry,
And ill deserve from Thee a favouring eye.
No bitter wailings, nor incessant tears,
Nor all my efforts can remove my fears :
The blood alone, which Christ for us hath spilt,
Hath power to expiate my repeated guilt.
From that most precious fount, full well I know,
My hope of mercy must begin to flow ;
And not on any of my works depend,
Too weak to compass such a glorious end :
In the dear merits of that blood alone,
I therefore sue for pardon at thy throne.
But since to share the virtues of that blood,
Will be to none but penitents allow'd ;
Who, not content to wail their past neglect,
Sincerely strive their morals to correct ;
Oh grant that I with no less zeal may shew
The fruits from true repentance which accrue,
Than if on them alone my hope was built,
From them receiv'd remission of my guilt.
To Thee, O God, and thy all-searching eye
To judge me, as I am, I now apply ;

And to thy close inspection, as is fit,
My mind, my senses, and my thoughts submit.
Watch me, if e'er the wicked path I tread,
And let my footsteps in thy way be led ;
That I may so to Thee myself approve
As to become an object of thy love :
And following Thee my never-failing guide
Thro' life's dark labyrinths may gently glide ;
And free from errors to the last abide. }
With pious zeal thy servant's heart impress ;
But in all states preserve me from excess :
In sufferings make me quiet and resign'd ;
In joys, exempt from transports of the mind ;
Of manners grave, but yet of gentle turn ;
In business active and dispos'd to learn ;
And when, perforce, I must from cares unbend,
Knowing how temperance with mirth to blend.
To thy behests, O God, my heart incline,
And make me, soul and body, wholly thine :
That all the precepts of thy sacred law,
Obeying truly with becoming awe ;
And by thy providence, whate'er is sent,
To that submitting and with that content,
I may unmov'd alike from Thee receive
Or good, or evil, what Thou'rt pleas'd to give :
Nor may I that a real evil call,
Which was by Thee ordain'd on us to fall :

So that my mind at length may truly be
From every sort of perturbation free ;
As well from strong desire, as empty fear ;
As boisterous anger and corroding care.

Whatever thing I may be forc'd to want,
This one to me, kind Heaven, vouchsafe to grant ;
That a good conscience I may safe retain,
And all my powers for such a jewel strain :
Whose dismal loss admits of no repair,
And to restore it baffles human care.
Wherefore this strong and firm resolve I make
Which nothing, as I hope, will ever shake ;
I will, on no account, on no pretence
A crime commit or any great offence ;
No, not tho' Heav'n and Earth with storms o'erspread
Should quick destruction menace on my head.
And Oh, that this full purpose of my heart
May never from me, while I live, depart ;
And thy immensity be so impress'd
In lasting characters upon my breast ;
That I so great a God may not displease,
Whose constant presence all my actions sees ;
But rather may I for the prize contend,
Reserv'd for those who're faithful to the end !
But in this sanctity, wherein I find
My mind and body to be strong inclin'd ;
And in this strict compliance with the voice
Of conscience, when she dictates to my choice ;

Let me from idle superstition fly ;
Let needless scruples pass unheeded by ;
Let me hypocrisy and pride decline ;
Nor to a life of gloom myself resign :
Be not those looks of censure and disdain,
Which ev'n good works are sometimes meant to
O'er me permitted any power to gain. [stain, }

The morning dews of piety, to Thee,
Which fly so quickly off, must hateful be :
For Thou, O God, wilt never free from blame
The sudden violence of devotion's flame ;
Which first excited by some furious zeal,
Quickly subsides and seems away to steal.
Kindle in me, I beg, a holy fire
Constant and pure, not such as will expire ;
Which in thy sight may not displeasing prove,
But add to my felicity above.
Oh that thy Spirit with inspiring power
Into my heart his heav'nly grace would show'r,
That I might so the life divine embrace,
As in myself no confidence to place ;
But by His guidance to be henceforth led,
And in the paths by Him directed tread ;
That I from day to day may strength receive
In thy true faith and holy fear to live ;
To do the just and love the kindly part,
And keep the world at distance from my heart :

And so persist in that most noble strife,
Where conquest ends in bliss and deathless life.

Thro' all my days as Thou hast safe convey'd,
And sav'd thy servant by thy mighty aid,
From open dangers and the hidden snare,
Tho' I have ill deserv'd thy heav'nly care ;
Protect me still and keep me by thy Grace,
From works of darkness, which the soul debase.
After the troubles and fatigues of day,
Grant me this night recruit of strength, I pray,
That I with vigour may from sleep awake,
My early orisons of praise to make ;
And all the study of my life devote
In every thing thy honour to promote, [Thee,
Thro' Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with
And with the Holy Ghost, eternally.

SATURDAY.


MORNING.

XXII.

GOD of all mercies, ruler of the skies,
Father of all, beyond expression wise ;
Who at the helm presiding at thy will
Steerest the universe with perfect skill ;
Ever attentive to this goodly frame,
(Which from thy hands in such perfection came)
As if Thou viewd'st it with as many eyes,
As Thou hast stars, which glitter in the skies ;
As if Thou ruled'st with as many hands,
As Thou hast marks and ensigns of commands.
O God, in wisdom how dost Thou excel !
And who thy goodness and thy might can tell ?

For by thy governance are all things brought
Into that order, which surpasses thought ;
As well thy sovereign pleasure to declare,
As to exhibit thy paternal care.
How is thy patience past conception great !
How long in suffering art Thou known to wait !
For, on the numerous crimes which men commit,
And all that scorers with perverted wit,
Upon thy sacred majesty have thrown,
Thou lookest daily with forbearance down.

On good and bad Thou mak'st thy sun arise :
The just and unjust feel thy fresh supplies :
Thy bounteous hand promiscuous good imparts
To them of honest and dishonest hearts ;
To men who mischief hate, and mischief love ;
To those, who thankful and unthankful prove :
For Thou the seasons bid'st them all befriend,
The elements alike on all attend :
For them the air to breathe, the fountains flow ;
And for their use the harvests copious grow.
But when provok'd by long continued sin,
Thine arm hath, as it were, uplifted been,
Thou hast stopt short, ev'n tho' revenge was nigh,
And bade in mercy thy resentment fly :
Desirous still thy patience to retain,
If it could be, this favourite point to gain :
That sin protracted long, in course of time,
Might turn to good, and wipe away the crime :



And he, who wallow'd in the filthy mire,
Tho' late converted, should to Thee aspire.
For Thou, O Lord, would'st not a sinner's death,
But rather choosest to prolong his breath;
That all his errors he may see at last,
Forsake his sins, and mourn o'er what has past :
Lest to his charge enormous guilt be laid,
Which with his loss might him one day upbraid.
Let me not ever this forbearance slight,
Nor hold such love and kindness in despite :
But grant, I may amend and walk in Grace,
Thus kindly drawn my safety to embrace.

I own my nature is of such a kind,
That I'm deprav'd in body and in mind ;
And that the seed of vices sown within
Produces all the deadly fruits of sin ;
And is the cause, I can't myself collect,
Nor bring good thoughts and actions to effect.
Hence have I often drawn my feet away
From virtue's path, and vilely gone astray :
Now this, now that, perversely apt to treat,
Calling sweet, bitter, and the bitter, sweet :
Instead of good, and what might end in gain,
Pursuing nought but detriment and pain :
Instead of losses, which might chance to rise,
Fearing my only gain the richest prize.
Then with what confidence may I presume
Before thy awful majesty to come ;

Whose purer eyes cannot our filth behold;
And who can all our secret thoughts unfold.
But be Thou gracious to thy suppliant's prayer,
Accept my sorrows, and relieve my care.
Of all my numerous sins blot out the score,
And, of thy mercy, think of them no more ;
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord, thy well belov'd,
Who by his death thy wrath from us remov'd.

.X X I I I.

MOST GRACIOUS GOD, may thy sweet mercy shown
On all my former sins with scarce a frown,
Never again induce me to incense
Thy sacred majesty with like offence :
Nor may I ever so ungrateful prove
As to convert that instance of thy love,
Which should a life of penitence begin,
Into a motive and a cause of sin :
But always walking in thy holy fear,
May I, O God, from every vice forbear ;
A daily progress in all virtue make,
Nor suffer aught my constancy to shake.
Let me, to serious, pious thoughts inclin'd,
My sacred duties and all others mind :
My soul in patience grant me to possess :
Neither to envy bad men their success :
Nor at my state of life with anger fret,
Altho' afflicted and with ills beset.

I truly, Lord, in all things want to know
The happy path, wherein I ought to go ;
The path, which thy commandments best approve,
And to pursue it with an eager love ;
In the great wisdom of thy law divine,
Resolv'd to hold to *that* myself resign.
Oh that the present purpose of my heart,
Which new obedience wishes to impart,

May not be slight and easy to erase,
 But true and settled on a steady base :
 Which Thou, who know'st the inmates of my breast
 To be sincere, can'st readily attest!
 Nor let me be with this alone content,
 That to reform in time I'm fully bent;
 When, for the work I ought myself to fit,
 Now, while the present instant will admit.

Therefore may'st Thou my heart and soul incline
 O heavenly Father, by thy Grace divine,
 To do those things without the least delay,
 Which duty bids me, and I *can* obey :
 But chiefly, leave my sins and them detest,
 Ev'n those I've harbour'd long and most caress'd :
 Quenching that eager love and wild desire
 Which towards them my heart were wont to fire.
 But when foul Satan and his hideous guard,
 Thou, in thy mercy, shalt from me discard ;
 Leave not my soul unfurnish'd and forlorn :
 But with those lovely virtues her adorn,
 Whereby she may with Thee acceptance find
 Be to a state of Grace on earth consign'd
 And then conform'd to one of heav'nly kind. }

Grant me, O God, to ask of Thee in pray'r,
 As my best comfort to my worldly care, [send,
 That Thou from Heav'n thy Holy Ghost would'st
 With the mild Graces, which his steps attend :

Or, if his presence, hath in some degree
By secret virtue taken hold of me,
Humbly I beg, that with a fuller tide
Of Graces He within me may abide ;
And while I strive in virtues to excel,
Make, with increase, my virtues higher swell.
Suffer me, Lord, on this one thing to build ;
With thy good Spirit to be wholly fill'd ;
Who, by instruction, may prepare my mind
My duties to discharge of every kind :
That I the best of all things may affect ;
And to acquire, no pains or means neglect :
And if my efforts good success should crown,
These best of things may I with pleasure own :
And what is true, and pure, and just prefer
To all this world is able to confer :
Nor may on me or gifts or threats prevail
To swerve from truth and in my virtue fail.

Oh that I may with strength of mind arise,
And the false pleasures of the world despise ;
Pleasures, beneath the dignity of man,
With the most rigid continence I can :
Since those, we know, who most with them abound
Among the wretched to be often found.
May I be never urg'd by good success
The bounds of decent conduct to transgress :
But rather to reflect on human things
How weak they are, and ever on their wings ;

And when the outward face of things I see
Most pleasant, fair, and all made up of glee;
Then let me tax my thoughts with double care,
How I may best an adverse fortune bear:
So let me always stand upon my guard
That no mishap may find me unprepar'd;
And throw about me such a watchful look
As may secure some safe and happy nook,
Where unmolested I can pass thro' life
Without much pain, much anguish, care or strife;
That what chance ever Thou art pleas'd to send
Of thy wise providence to serve the end,
I may with this be well prepar'd to meet,
And with alacrity thy pleasure greet.

Nothing in life continues in a stay;
My hours, and days and years fly swift away:
Time returns not, when once 'tis past and gone,
Nor can the future before death be known:
But of my dying there admits no doubt:
That may take place or ere the day be out.
Let the remembrance then of certain death
Make me live better, whilst I draw my breath;
And from those vile pursuits my mind restrain
Of foul intemperance and of wrongful gain,
Which on my character would fix a stain. }
But may true merit on my life attend,
And a sweet smelling name my death befriend,
Thro' Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my Lord
With Thee and with the Holy Ghost ador'd!

XXIV.

O GOD, who viewest all things from thy throne,
Thy servant's wants to Thee are fully known :
Be those nice gifts of Thine to me denied,
Which may conduce to puff me up with pride ;
Or be a means perhaps to draw me in
To the commission of some mortal sin :
But of thy goodness rather those impart
Which may enable me to mend my heart ;
With more humility and caution live,
And be more prompt to Thee myself to give ;
That having favours at thy hands receiv'd,
And being often of the same bereav'd,
Under such discipline I may not dare
Of earthly goods to claim the smallest share ;
But poor and destitute myself confess,
As one, who nothing doth on earth possess ;
While I must Thee the sovereign author own
Of every blessing, which our wishes crown ;
All things from Thee receiv'd, with thanks allow,
Then to their head-spring suffer all to go.

On me, indeed, who bear a lowly mind,
And take, unhurt, the lowest place assign'd,
Thy smallest favours, O my God, bestow'd,
May well be deem'd as great and passing good :
For, if the dignity of Him who gives,
And his unworthy nature who receives,

Be well consider'd, nothing mean or low
Can'st Thou, O mighty Power, on me bestow.
What gratitude to Thee is therefore due,
When all thy gifts and favours I review !
Great art Thou, Lord, and far above all praise ;
For who can possibly the dazzling blaze
And beauty of thy Deity express,
Or, of thy greatness reach the vast excess ?
But Thee with praises I would fain extol
Such as may fully show my grateful soul ;
And thy great name incessantly resound,
As well for mercies spread on all around,
As those to me and mine at times convey'd,
Or on our Church and Nation oft display'd.

Chiefly to Thee, O Lord, I grateful bend
For that great blessing, which doth all transcend,
The Incarnation of thy blessed Son—
Who, when the time predicted once begun,
Of that bless'd Virgin wonderfully born
To take our human nature did not scorn ;
That He might shew to us thy secret will
And, in a human body veil'd, fulfil
Our great Redemption from impending ill. }
Oh how much gratitude sincere and true,
To that eternal Priest from us is due ;
Who, having suffer'd an accursed death,
And on the shameful cross resign'd his breath,

From earth transported to the realms above,
Still to express his never ceasing love,
In thy great presence for our guilty stain
Himself He offers as a victim slain ;
And, by the virtue of his precious blood,
As our High Priest pleads ever for our good.

But since Thou hast on me such faith conferr'd
That I can give full credence to thy word,
In those important points, which far transcend
The stretch of all my powers to comprehend ;
Such zeal and fortitude to me impart,
That I, to shew my gratitude of heart,
May ne'er be wanting in the noble strife
Freely to hazard ev'n my dearest life ;
And all the articles of faith make good,
By pouring forth my latest drop of blood.

Oh that my mind her freedom may acquire,
And from her fleshly mansion oft retire ;
'That clear'd from dregs she may herself refine,
'Till she exalts her moral to divine :
Nothing accounting adverse or amiss,
But what her race obstructs to heav'nly bliss ;
Nothing propitious, worthy to commend
But what conduces to that happy end !
Grant me, I pray, an active ready mind,
And all my duties to discharge inclin'd ;
Whether to thy great God-head they relate,
Or to my brethren in this earthly state.

But thro' this day vouchsafe to be my guard,
And every evil from thy servant ward ;
That safe arriv'd under thy shelt'ring wing,
I may new hymns of praise at evening sing.
And what to me remains of life's short date
To thy sole honour wholly consecrate,
Thro' Him who pleads incessant at thy throne,
Our great High Priest, thy dear and only Son.

EVENING:

XXV.

GOD, who dost all things with thy essence fill,
 All things sustain, and rule them at thy will;
 Thy constant presence I can never doubt,
 Watching my bed, and all my paths about :
 For Thou art every where—Thou fillest space;
 Confin'd to none, nor barr'd from any place.
 But I to Thee, my God, have not adher'd ;
 Too far, alas, from Thee, my course I steer'd ;
 And with a heart estrang'd, and passions base,
 Have ways pursued, which led to vile disgrace.
 Yes—from thy sacred Deity I fled,
 From whom, in perfect union with it's head,
 I, as a member, should have never stray'd :
 But see me now lie prostrate at thy feet,
 My soul and body in thy presence set,
 And both most humbly to thy hands commit.

Taking a view of what this orb displays
 To charm our senses and our wonder raise,
 When the appointed seasons of the year,
 And the returns of day and night appear ;
 When in his strength I've seen the blazing sun,
 The moon and stars their several courses run,
 The earth's vast weight suspended in the air,
 The ebbing seas' proud waves their heads uprear ;

The pleasing scenes which coasts and shores display,
The rivers' lucid streams glide soft away ;
The verdure of the fields, the growth of plants,
Their virtues, which supply our several wants ;
The various forms to animals assign'd ;
The natural instincts which attend their kind ;
And man himself ; whose power they seem to own,
And bend as faithful slaves to him alone ;
The universe, in short, with beauty crown'd ;
And this machine in such perfection found,
That all its several parts together meet
To aid the work, and make the whole complete—
When these I saw, my soul could not forbear,
But Thee, the Author of them all, declare.
Oh what a holy pleasure and delight
Must this most goodly theatre excite ;
Which Thou hast deck'd with all-abounding store,
And sweet variety to please the more !
But when these things I ponder in my mind,
That they are all by Thee for man design'd ;
How much ought I, by this reflection sway'd,
My trust in Thee to place invoke thy aid, }
To praise, to love, to wish Thee well obey'd ? }

Under thy forming hands at first we grew,
And made, O God, like Thee, our breath we drew ;
With reason and with equity endued ;
And our hearts stamp'd with all the rules of good ;

That Thou might'st raise our minds to virtue's lore,
And make our thoughts to life eternal soar.
By this so great pre-eminence of birth
To far above the brutal race on earth,
We find ourselves exalted by thy power,
No longer to be slaves in pleasure's bower :
Therefore with reason hast Thou us supplied,
And made us rich with knowledge for our guide ;
That having here a life of goodness past,
We may the end propos'd attain at last ;
The peaceful, blest, unalterable state
Where joys eternal pious souls await.
But this primæval dignity of birth
No sooner tells me of our former worth,
Than the sad spectacle occurs to mind
Of the disgrace and taint of human-kind.

Hence in the first man's person to our cost,
Unhappy we our origin have lost ;
Hence from my mother's womb, I must confess,
I sin deriv'd, and inbred wickedness ;
And I perceive my earthly, groveling mind
To carnal pleasures too—too much inclin'd,
To lawless passions, and licentious ways,
To toil's abhorrence and the love of ease.
Hence in the intellect is darkness found ;
A want of knowledge ; judgments far from sound ;
Besides, a strong perverseness and disdain,
Which serious thoughts refuse to entertain.

Last, in the appetite there ever springs
An impotent desire of empty things.
Hence am I whirl'd thro' this terrestrial course
In a vain circle, by a restless force.
I eat, I drink, I play, I sink to rest,
And rise again to renovate the feast.
Much of my life, which here I'm doom'd to pass,
Hath been a kind of indigested mass ;
A strange confusion in the eddy brain,
Made up of actions sacred and profane,
Of prayers, devoutly offer'd on the knee,
Of sins, committed in the face of day,
Of sad confession and repentant tears,
Of quick relapse and banishment of fears.
From faults and errors free no day is spent :
To a fix'd point few are directly bent :
But small attention to the end is lent.

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Yet for the merits of thy dearest Son,
O gracious God, forgive me what I've done ;
And thro' thy Spirit's efficacious Grace,
From this vile servitude of sin release ;
That unto Thee, in whom are all things found,
Which to the happiness of man redound.
I may at all times steadily adhere,
In Thee myself repose, devoid of fear.
All my requests centre in Thee alone :
Not any wishes beyond Thee, I own :

Nor do those wishes ever run so high,
Which Thou, my God, can'st not with ease supply.
Oh, whilst I sojourn here, disjoin'd from Thee,
That Thou some heav'nly light would'st dart on me!
Some spiritual gladness to my soul impart,
With passing great integrity of heart!
That using all thy creatures as I ought
I may to joy in Thee alone be brought;
And in my mind thy holiness record
With constant praise, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord:

XXVI.

GRANT me, O heav'nly Father, to request,
With pray'rs incessant from my inmost breast,
Things which may serve thy glory to extend,
And my salvation equally befriend ;
Those sins, to which or ignorance has led,
Or weak infirmity my steps betray'd,
From thy remembrance, Lord, in mercy blot,
And join me to thyself in closest knot.
That hurtful fuel quench from day to day,
From whence desires are wont to burst their way ;
Which with allurements smooth may draw me in,
And urge me to commit the grossest sin.
Do Thou my mind enlighten and prevent
It's giving way to drowsy languishment ;
For fear an entrance should be open laid
To some ill thing the senses have convey'd.
Restrain the wand'ring freedom of my eyes ;
Lest to the fancy, they, like treacherous spies,
Should gay and wanton images transmit
Of joys which only filthy souls befit ;
And of such sins the seeds to quicken bring,
As in my breast to leave a lasting sting.
Be with a hedge of thorns my ears inclos'd,
Lest lies, in place of truth, on me impos'd,
And 'stead of wisdom, folly weak and blind
Should thro' those gates a ready passage find
Into the deep recesses of my mind :—

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XXVII.

THANKS without measure, mighty God, are due
For thy great glory spread to open view ;
And for the goodness of thy bounteous hand,
To which indebted every day I stand.
Wherefore in purpose am I fully bent
That all my time in future shall be spent,
And my whole mind, and all my powers be given,
In praising Thee, O God, great King of Heaven.
Nothing so much affects my grateful breast
As that peculiar love by Thee exprest,
In clearing up at last our darken'd sight
By shedding on our race the Gospel-light ;
And making known to us thy heavenly will,
How we our own salvation may fulfil.

Immortal thanks to Thee, O Lord, I give,
For all the mercies we from Thee receive ;
But for *that* chiefly, which hath clear'd my way
Thro' all the hidden dangers of the day ;
And from the pleasing snares of sin and vice,
Which my frail nature can with ease entice.
Continue still to keep me safe this night,
And not debar me of thy wonted light :
That, as thy holy day is drawing near,
I for that solemn worship may prepare.
Let my heart burn with David's pious zeal ;
And nothing in itself more pleasant feel,

Than the dear priv'lege of resorting there,
Where all the faithful join in holy prayer.
Oh, how I wish, that what to-morrow's day
Shall from the Gospel to my ears convey
May deeply sink imprinted in my breast,
And goad me on in sacred virtue's quest :
That, in thy service having pass'd my days,
I may be call'd from hence to chant thy praise ;
And in the realms above with Thee enjoy
An endless sabbath, which can never cloy ;
Thro' Jesus Christ, who, seated on thy throne
At thy right hand, is next to Thee alone :
With honour, might, and majesty is crown'd ;
And with ecstatic bliss for ever must abound.

SUNDAY.

MORNING.

XXVIII.

GOD, who dost in and from thyself possess
All life, all glory, and all happiness ;
Thy unexhausted goodness hath bestow'd
To every nature whatsoe'er is good :
But most to ours, distinguish'd from the rest,
By marks unnumber'd, as they well attest.
Thou didst for man this glorious fabric rear :
But man himself for thy peculiar care, }
Pleas'd to have him thy own resemblance bear ; }
That he with knowledge and with justice fraught,
With sacred reason and with grateful thought,
Thy gracious will in all things should obey,
To Thee look up, and with devotion pray ;

Should Thee his Maker and his Lord adore,
And o'er the creatures rule with sovereign power.
Besides, this world observing thy decree
Administers to man in all we see :
The kinds of things in Heav'n and Earth are found
Stable and lasting, and in swarms abound :
Nothing, which does not to it's task adhere ;
Nothing, which acts not in it's proper sphere.
We men alone from duty turn away ;
Averse from Thee, our God, we run astray ;
And strangers to ourselves, ourselves betray. }

Numerous the debts of gratitude we owe ;—
For their discharge we scarce a thought bestow :
Nay, so ungrateful are we often known,
As ev'n those debts with boldness to disown.
We, for whose sakes the highest things were wrought,
To court and love the meanest *now* are brought :
Servants and slaves to things of little worth,
To Thee ungrateful, Lord of Heav'n and Earth ;
We nature's law most shamefully oppose,
And to ourselves become the worst of foes.

But one, and that's myself, of all our race,
I'm chiefly bound to charge with want of Grace.
In me Thou didst a noble mind instil,
With reason stor'd and liberty of will ;
But though this prior dignity I claim,
A wretched sinner now reduced to shame !

My nature I perceive throughout deprav'd,
O'ercome by sin, and miserably enslav'd :
Nor can the mind conceive or tongue express
The greatness of my guilt and sore distress ;
For the deep gulph of evil in my breast,
Wherewith I find myself so much oppress,
With sorrow and dismay, I needs must own,
Goes near to weigh my feeble senses down ;
And surely, should I turn my eyes within,
And think what wages may await my sin,
I must despair of any good to come,
And once cast off by Thee expect my doom,
To pains and miseries intensely great,
And everlasting with their burning heat.

But Thou, O gracious God, by mercy sway'd,
Art ever present to the sinners' aid,
Willing and prompt to favour their escape
From such calamitous and dire mishap ;
By a surprising way, before unknown,
Thro' the Redeemer Christ, thine only Son ;
If with contrition touch'd they seek thy face,
This mercy with a solid faith embrace,
And by a lively hope all-vigorous grown
Repose their confidence on Thee alone.
That penitence, that faith, that hope, I pray,
Thro' thy good Spirit to my heart convey :
That, when to Thee I turn with better mind,
I may some place in thy sweet mercy find ;

And thence be render'd capable of joy,
And happiness sincere, without alloy.
Then from my duties here by Thee discharg'd,
May I be taken hence with soul enlarg'd,
To that blest sabbath in the realms above
Thro' Jesus Christ, who sav'd us by his love !

XXIX.

ETERNAL GOD, from whom all lights proceed,
 And every good, whereof we stand in need ;
 Favour thy suppliant in his great concern,
 That in THY light he may *the light* discern.
 May thy celestial Grace so rule my mind,
 That I may neither be perversely blind ;
 Nor impotent to act, where things relate
 To my salvation in a future state :
 That Christ's great law, which is the scent of death
 To those who hate it with their latest breath,
 May smell to me, when near my bosom press'd,
 As a fair field, which Thou, my God, hast bless'd ;
 While that, the outward preaching of the word,
 Is as a channel us'd by Thee, O Lord ;
 May it to reach my inward sense be brought,
 To rouse my soul and rectify my thought ;
 That the grand mystery and the method how
 Mankind was rescued from eternal woe, }
 I may at length be qualified to know ;
 Approving *that* as wisdom all divine,
 Which flesh presumes as folly to define ;
 And that sole remedy in Christ we share, }
 Applying to myself with earnest care,
 Against the worst of ills, damnation and despair. }
 For the great sacrifice thy Son hath made
 Vouchsafe to me, O God, thy gracious aid ;

Who, tho' a grievous sinner, now relent;
Now, from the bottom of my heart repent;
And with a faith in Christ sincere and true,
Immortal thanks, I own, to Thee are due,
For opening to us in the sacred page,
That wond'rous secret, hid from age to age,
Relating to thy dear and only Son,
Who hath such things for our salvation done;
Assum'd our nature; was by sufferings tried;—
Nail'd on the fatal tree; there hung—and died;—
Arises from the dead, ascends the skies—
Sits on thy right hand; there for us applies,
Shewing to Thee his perfect sacrifice. }

From my mind's eyes do Thou the specks remove,
That I those sacred scriptures may approve;
Not from my lips force out a cool assent,
As if from thence but half a meaning went;
But with a steady soul the truths embrace,
Which in those writings we may plainly trace;
Whereon, O Lord, thy Holy Spirit breath'd,
And the first preachers to the world bequeath'd;
Whose high authority more firmly stood,
By the effusion of the martyrs' blood.

With a true pious zeal my heart excite,
And with a cordial pleasure and delight,
When to thy house I'm summon'd to repair;
And join thy faithful flock in praise and pray'r:

That the free liberty by me possess
Thro' thy indulgence on this holy rest,
In thy pure worship and thy powerful word,
By me without compare may be preferr'd
To all my comforts and to all my joys,
To all my trappings and to all my toys.
Let not the world with it's deceitful train
Over my mind so great a conquest gain
As to deprive me of those means of Grace,
Which Thou hast pleas'd within my reach to place :
But in that path, which leads to endless life,
Be there my progress—there my only strife.
While haughty men, puff'd up with vain conceit,
This pious practice scorn, and slightly treat,
And the good custom, which hath long obtain'd,
(Authority Divine the same ordain'd ;)
That to adore thy great and sacred name,
A time and place the faithful should proclaim :
But with thy sanction only were it bless'd,
In that appointment may I gladly rest ;
Thy goodness owning with a grateful heart,
That Thou for us should'st take so kind a part,
By such a way our weakness to sustain ;
Improve our nature, and our strength maintain :
To me from thence may piety redound,
And with its choicest fruits my life abound.
Confirm'd and strengthen'd in thy faith and fear,
The world contemning, living holy here,

In love of that eternal life above,
May I those light and vain desires remove,
Which in this world would me so long retain,
That seeking freedom, I might seek in vain :
And those vile lusts extirpate from my heart,
Whereby from Thee so often I depart.

Grant me with more alacrity to face
The greatest dangers, nay, the worst embrace,
Than to an action vile and mean submit,
Or any sin, altho' the least, commit.
Be freedom, credit, poverty at stake,
Or all that serves a happy life to make ;
May I more ready be with them to part,
Them to neglect and ev'n despise at heart,
Than any duties, which to Thee I owe,
Dare to omit, or by neglect forego.
When my affairs prosperity attends,
All things succeed and answer all my ends,
Teach me from pride and haughtiness to fly,
From bold presumption, and a mind too high :
When also evils and afflictions press,
From making moan about my sad distress :
But bad or good, whatever may befall
With moderation to support them all :
And in each state an equal temper show ;
My face the same, the same unclouded brow.
And since death hovers o'er from day to day,
Ready to snatch from hence his destin'd prey ;

That course of living may I not pursue,
As one who had some thousand years in view :
But having death for ever in my mind,
Be all things manag'd so, and so design'd,
As if I judg'd my life was near it's end,
And on this present instant might depend.
After thy will, O Lord, and not my own,
In life or death, I wish that all was done :
That, if I live or die, I may by Thee
Thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord, accepted be.

EVENING.

XXX.

O GLORIOUS GOD, who dwell'st enthron'd on high,
Thy vast angelic host attending nigh;
Whose life is such as thought cannot conceive,
That great excess of bliss it must receive;
Oh, could I make it once my heart's delight,
Thee, O my God, to apprehend aright!—
Thy name for ever boldly to confess,
And humbly at thy throne my prayers express;
Not without trembling, and a strong desire
Of earnest heart thy favour to acquire!
But of the Deity Supreme, our race
A true, clear notion knows not how to trace:
To that my mental faculty I find
Too much unequal, and to err inclin'd.
When in my mind thy glory I revolve,
To form right thoughts I hardly can resolve:
Or, if I have them in some order rang'd,
To keep them fix'd, not subject to be chang'd.
Now, from reflections sad I can't refrain;
But of my narrow heart must needs complain,
Which makes me act, as though I would confine
In certain bounds the majesty divine;
Now of a strange, inactive, void of mind,
To carelessness, and want of thought inclin'd;

*Now, of my plunging in the dark abyss
Of ignorance, which construes all amiss ;
Now, of my fancy struck with some false light,
Which wrongly shows my Maker to my sight.*

*But Thou, the source of lights, on whom we wait
For all true light in this our earthly state ;
Some proper means upon my mind impress
(Such as may not my natural powers oppress)
Of my arriving to a nearer view
Of thy great nature, holy, just, and true ;
That in my heart's retir'd and inmost cell
Pure, holy thoughts thereof may ever dwell :
Such as a glory so immense may fit,
Such as the world's great Maker may admit ;
Who is not only good, and just, and wise,
But does all virtues in Himself comprise.*

*Ah me ! when I this majesty behold,
August, and infinite itself unfold,
Shining with glorious rays so bright and clear,
That all things else to them most vile appear ;
And whilst again I take a strict survey
Of my own self, an abject piece of clay ;
Who yet so great a God can dare abuse,
And to obey so great a King refuse,
It cannot be but I must grieve at heart,
Be vex'd, asham'd, and take the mourner's part ;
With bitter anguish and distress of mind,
Wailing my conduct as insane and blind,*

Whereby was endless goodness set at nought
And matchless puissance to a shadow brought.

The more the glory of thy power exceeds,
It bears the harder upon my mis-deeds ;
Nay harder still, since I with boldness dar'd
Treat Thee, though present, with so slight regard :
Thee, who art every where ;—Thou fillest space ;
Confin'd to none, nor barr'd from any place :
Thee, to whom light and darkness are as one,
And to whom nothing is obscurely known.—
Who, as he truly is, each person views,
His ways, his life, the schemes which he pursues ;
With what design religion is his care ;
With what true zeal he does his faith declare ;
The good and bad HE enters in a book—
Nor does their several actions overlook.

Rashness exceeding mine was never heard ;
Whom thy all-piercing eye hath not deterr'd :
Nor is my heart, ungrateful, less to blame
Than such great rashness and such want of shame ;
Not only as it wrongs the Lord of all,
Who rules and governs this terrestrial ball ;
But the best Father, whose unceasing care
With food and raiment and with vital air,
From time to time thy servant has supplied ;
To whom on numberless accounts I'm tied.
For Thou, when latent in the womb I lay,
Did'st to my mother's care my life convey :

And in process of time when things were fit,
Me to myself from year to year commit ;
And now as often as I draw my breath
Thou giv'st me power to save my life from death.
I do and must on Thee alone depend ,
For thy protection 'till my days shall end ;
For thy preserving and sustaining hand,
When wants and dangers may thy aid demand.
As on my head unnumber'd are the hairs,
So towards me are thy paternal cares :
As many hours or minutes pass away
So many gifts Thou dost to me convey :
But so ungrateful a return I made
For all thy favours and thy kindly aid,
That thy great mercies have resistance met
From those offences, which my soul beset :
Which being so, and as the fact is plain,
That crimes o'erwhelm me of the deepest stain ;
What other doom can I in reason wait
Than death eternal in another state ?
If Thou should'st me, who am so prone to fall,
For this day's sins alone to judgment call,
Objecting to me nought of any kind,
But that light talk, and vain conceit of mind,
By which thy sabbath I disgrac'd, on me
A heavy punishment Thou might'st decree.

But through the merit of thy blessed Son,
The holy Jesus, partner of thy throne ;

Who in behalf of wretched guilty man,
Offer'd himself to execute the plan
Of his redemption from the jaws of Hell,
And suffering in his stead, thy wrath to quell ;
And, by his filial duty ever paid,
To Thee for us full satisfaction made ;
Be so my sins expung'd as not to come
In count against me at the general doom.
Remind me also of Christ's precious death ;
And the renewal of his vital breath ;
That a firm, certain faith in these exprest,
And deeply rooted in my inmost breast,
With serious thoughts may cause me to retain
A sad remembrance of the native stain ;
Bringing that "old man" daily to decay,
And "the new man" releasing from his clay :
That my mind open'd with the truths divine,
To do such things as please Thee may incline ;
My will may be reform'd, and strength receive,
To fly from sin, and goodness to achieve :
In fine, may all my faculties beware
Of things 'gainst which thy holy laws declare ;
And strive with active vigour to pursue
The things which Thou hast order'd us to do ;
To the advancement of thy glorious name
Through Christ, who sin and death for us o'ercame.

XXXI.

MOST gracious Father, I to Thee impart
The strong effusions of a grateful heart ;
Not such indeed as I in duty ought,
But such whereto my nature can be brought :
That, to secure from death the human race,
Thou hast sent down from Heav'n, thy holy place,
That mighty mediator, Christ thy Son,
Cloth'd with full honours of the heav'nly throne,
And with the amplest jurisdiction crown'd ;
That a deliverer might in Heaven be found,
Willing and able to effect a deed,
Which must the power of mortals far exceed.
Blest be thy holy name, for ever blest,
That, by the means of this most holy Priest,
Against us sinners when thy anger burn'd,
Thou in our favour would'st again be turn'd :—
That, by this potent and immortal King,
Our bitter spiritual foes, who strove to bring
Ruin on us, so deadly was their hate,
Met, by thy mandate, a deserved fate :—
That by this Prophet full of sacred light
Blind errors, which obscur'd our mental sight,
And with thick clouds the world had long o'erspread,
Are now dispers'd, and at thy bidding fled :—
That, lastly, was promulg'd thro' every land
The Holy Gospel by thy own command ;

Those blessed tidings, where we read express
Thy love for men and their true happiness ;
That they, who should thro' faith thy Christ embrace
And in the paths of goodness seek thy face,
Shall in the life to come most surely meet
With endless joys and happiness complete.

But since this joyful news, of old display'd,
And to the world by men inspir'd convey'd ;
Who left upon record a written book,
Where as on written statutes all may look ;
A book, by wholesome preaching now maintain'd,
And among us most faithfully explain'd :
And since this day Thou gavest me to spend
In thy blest courts, and to thy word attend ;
Grant it's true sense, received as it ought,
May be imprinted deeply in my thought ;
And in my memory fasten'd close remain
True fruits of penitence, thro' faith, to gain.

Oh may I always bear myself in mind
Both as a man, and one to Christ consign'd :
That I may choose and do whate'er I can
Becoming well the dignity of man ;
In what our nature varies from the rest
Of living creatures, all the kinds of beasts ;
And with all vigour also may pursue
What to the holy christian faith is due ;
Worthy religion, from the Heavens brought ;
And which to men thy only Son hath taught !

Nor in thy sight, O Lord (for Thou being near
Must as a thousand witnesses appear)
May I with less concern and care presume
My life to order, for the time to come,
Than if on me the eyes of all were plac'd,
And all my words and deeds were strictly trac'd;
Whatever I may say, whatever do,
And what the course of life I now pursue,
May my immortal soul be never found
As a poor slave, to earthly riches bound:
To honours vain, which flatter and betray,
And empty pleasures, dying quick away!
But on my soul, when all my thoughts are bent,
And her duration's infinite extent;
And on myself; who, tho' I little seem,
From light divine or issued like a beam,
Or, as it were, a particle express'd
From the great Deity, for ever bless'd;
Worthy my rise I fain would thoughts conceive
Worthy my nature which will ever live;
To Thee, O God, devoting all I have,
And wholly bent my precious soul to save.

Prudence and honesty to me impart,
A serious turn, and industry at heart,
A mind contented with its proper lot,
Few things desiring it possesseth not,
Free, and at ease, incurious to know
The trifling follies, which the world o'erflow,

Endued with greatness of the first degree,
Studying the best and highest things that be.
Be Thou to me a teacher and a guide ;
And may I ever on Thy aid confide :
That I may nothing speak, or think, or act,
But what thy approbation may attract.
Whatever precepts I have either heard
Or read to-day in thy most sacred word ;
Whatever virtues or affections sound,
In books and other writings may be found ;
Whatever may to Thee most grateful prove,
That I admire and meet with equal love ;
And thro' Thy Grace am ready to fulfil
In every point thy blest and heavenly will.

Myself, O Lord, I cannot call my own ;
For I am Thine, to Thee attach'd alone :
To reason's self I therefore should object,
That neither she my actions may direct,
Nor my own will so great a power retain
As o'er my counsels and designs to reign :
But this one thing I do of Thee request,
That in thy wisdom and thy sovereign hest
All my life's actions I may fully vest :
That on *my* sense and will I lay no stress,
But after THEE ALONE my footsteps press :
And may my mind, which says I'm not my own,
Which to the carnal nature's senseless grown,

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At thy good Spirit's will and full command
Wholly converted in obedience stand :—
That I, in short, far as the case will bear,
May both myself forget and worldly care :
And may in life and death conform to Thee
Thro' Jesus Christ, who died to set us free.

Father of All, who dost in Heaven preside,
Thy name be honour'd, worshipp'd, sanctified :
Thy kingdom come, of glory and of grace :
May, as in Heaven, thy will on Earth take place :
Give us what food we need from day to day :
Thy mercy in forgiving us display ;
As Thou perceiv'st our proneness to forgive
Those, from whom injuries we oft receive :
Let no temptation over us prevail,
Nor to deliver us from evil fail :
For all dominion unto Thee pertains,
In Thee, for ever, glorious power remains. Amen.

THE END.

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